

Highlights

THE MONTHLY BOOK

January
1960

Missile carries mail - 10

Japanese New Year - 16

Rembrandt - 22

for Children

Things you've wondered about (science) - 25

fun

with a purpose

Hello!



Vol. 15, No. 1

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Highlights for Children

January
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This book of wholesome fun is dedicated to helping children grow in basic skills and knowledge, in creativeness, in ability to think and reason, in sensitivity to others, in high ideals and worthy ways of living—for CHILDREN are the world's most important people.

Awarded

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by
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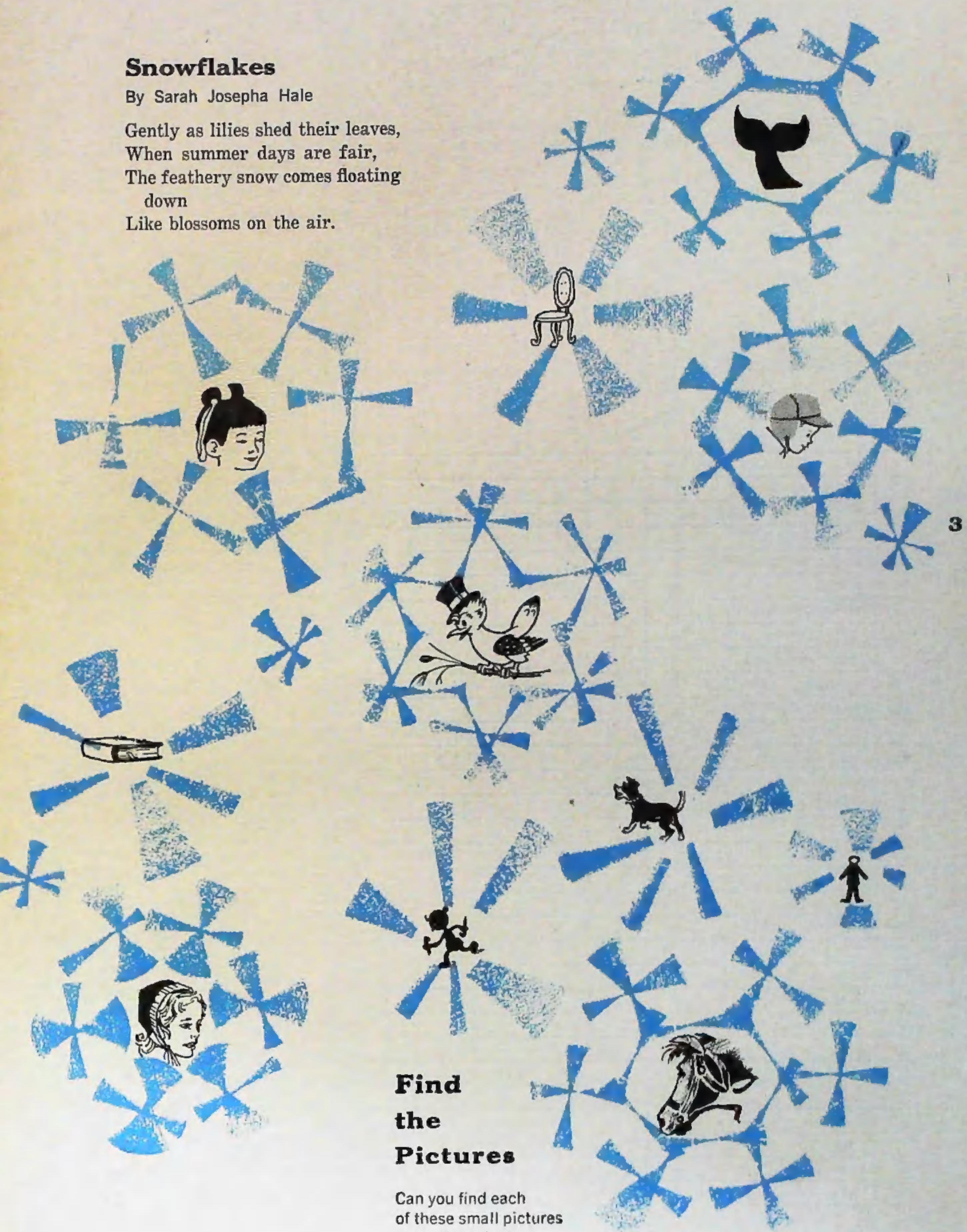
Contributors are invited to send original work of high quality—stories, articles, verse, puzzles, craft ideas—to HIGHLIGHTS Editorial Offices, Honesdale, Pa. Editorial requirements and free-lance payment schedules on request.

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Snowflakes

By Sarah Josepha Hale

Gently as lilies shed their leaves,
When summer days are fair,
The feathery snow comes floating
down
Like blossoms on the air.



**Find
the
Pictures**

Can you find each
of these small pictures
at another place
in this book?

A Guide for Parents and Teachers

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40 Things To Do
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43 Drawings From Alaska

This chart is to guide parents and teachers in selecting features from this issue which will prove most helpful to each particular child.

What Is Emphasized

	Preparation for Reading	Easy Reading	More Advanced Reading	Manners, Conduct, Living With Others	Health and Safety	Moral or Spiritual Values	Appreciation of Music and Other Arts	Nature and Science	Our Country, Other Lands and Peoples	Stimulation To Think and Reason	Stimulation To Create
3 Find the Pictures	✓								✓		
5 Editorial		✓		✓							
6 A Horse of His Own		✓									
9 Off With the Old		✓						✓			
10 Missiles Carry Mail		✓						✓			
11 The Bear Family	✓	✓			✓						
12 The Timbertoes	✓	✓									
13 Sammy Spivens		✓		✓							
14 Hidden Pictures	✓									✓	
15 Bible Story		✓		✓							
16 Japanese New Year		✓						✓			
17 "Happy New Year"		✓						✓			
18 Happy Birthday, Joey		✓									
20 Getting Ready To Read	✓	✓									
21 For Wee Folks	✓	✓							✓		
22 Rembrandt		✓			✓						
24 Muffin and Matching	✓								✓		
25 Things Wondered About		✓					✓		✓		
26 Cat and Monkey		✓									
27 For Smart Thinkers	✓	✓							✓		
28 A Space Party		✓								✓	
30 The Kindest Boy		✓								✓	
31 Crossword Puzzle	✓	✓						✓			
32 Our Own Pages	✓	✓								✓	
35 Yehudi Menuhin		✓			✓						
37 Goofus and Gallant	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓						
38 Fun With Phonics	✓	✓	✓						✓		
39 Why, Mixed-up Story	✓								✓		
40 Things To Do		✓								✓	
42 Headwork	✓	✓	✓						✓		
43 Drawings From Alaska		✓						✓		✓	

This star seen at the bottom of many pages indicates a footnote to parents and teachers.

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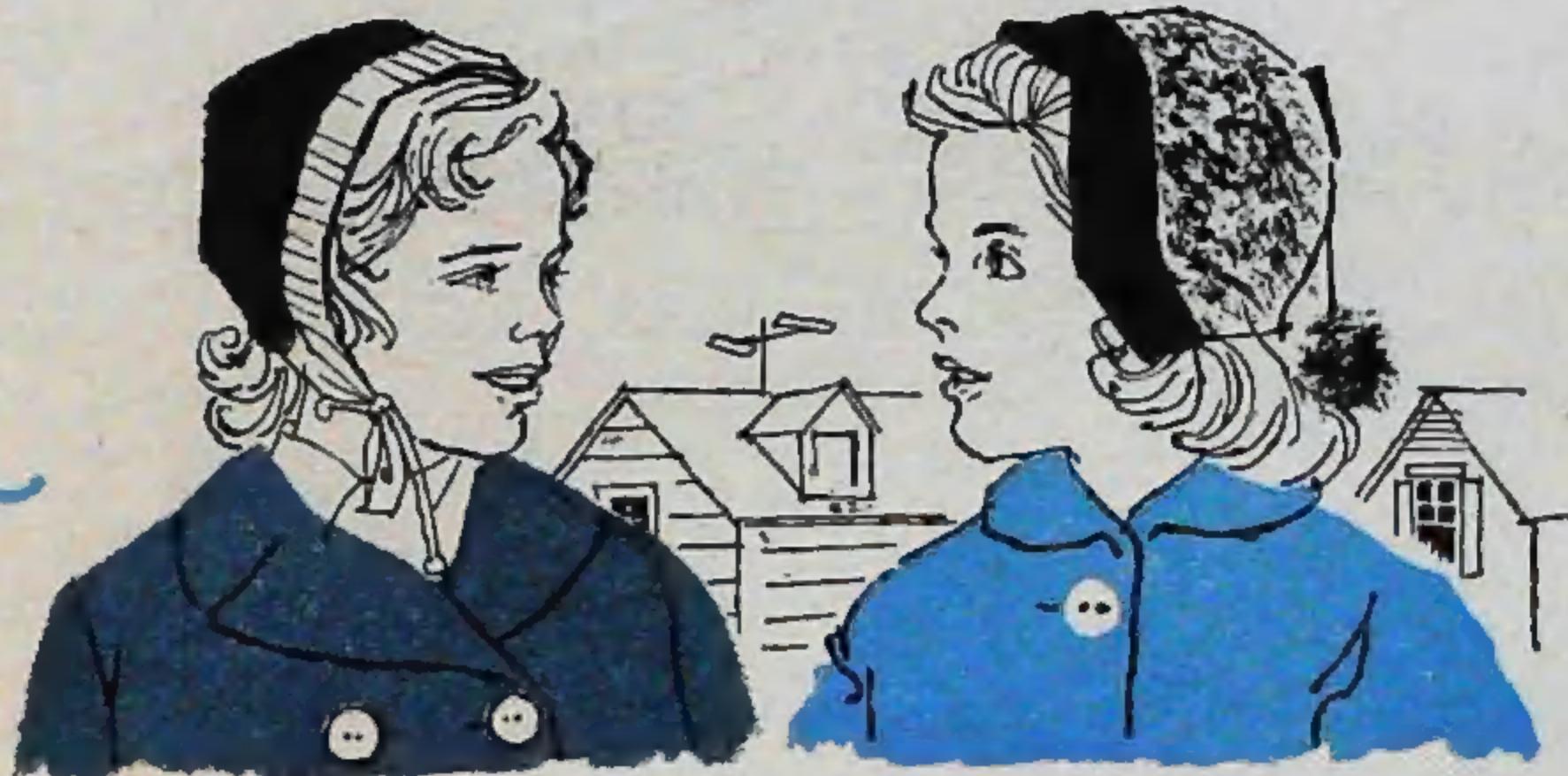
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Let's Talk Things Over



"When I learn a poem by heart, I try to remember the name of the person who wrote it."

"When I copy a poem, I always write the name of the author above or below it."

When you were very young, even long before you entered school, you may have liked to listen to nursery rhymes someone read to you. When you were able to read these rhymes yourself, you noticed that no person's name appeared with each one as author. No author is known. These nursery rhymes came down from one person to another by word of mouth, some of them for hundreds and hundreds of years. By and by they appeared in print.

Now and then you read a short poem signed "Author Unknown" or "Anonymous." This means that some person made it up and had it printed a good while ago, and that no other person could claim it as his own.

But nearly every story or poem you read has with it the name of the person who wrote it.

Suppose you wrote a poem and it were printed in a book or magazine. Then suppose some other person copied it. Wouldn't you want that person to put your name at the beginning or the end of the poem? Wouldn't you also want him to name the book or magazine in which your poem first appeared? If that person didn't do so, you would feel angry. The publisher would, too. You would suppose the person had stolen your poem.

But sometimes you hear or read a short poem you like so much that you remember it word for word. Later when you write a poem meant to be all your own, it is possible for you to write this poem without knowing it is not yours. Some great poets have been known to do this occasionally. But they did not do it on purpose to steal or to deceive anybody.

Once in a long while, however, a child likes so much a short poem someone else has written that he copies it without putting down the name of the real author. Instead he writes down his own name after it. Anyone reading this poem, and supposing the child who copied it is the real author, is deceived. The child who copied it may not know it was wrong to do so. He may not know it's as wrong to steal what a person has written, or a publisher has printed, as to steal that person's purse.

Just a few times during the thirteen years HIGHLIGHTS has been published we have printed on "Our Own Page" a poem which a child had sent us as his very own, and later discovered it was not his own at all. It had been written months or years earlier by an adult author and had been published in another place. This awful thing happened in spite of the fact that the child's parent or teacher had sent us a letter telling us it was the child's very own. Perhaps the parent or teacher was not careful enough about what she said. And no matter how hard we editors try to check with poems which have been published, we can't be sure to recall or locate all of them.

Please let me beg of you all to practice at connecting in your mind every poem you read or hear with the name of the person who created this poem. It would also be helpful if you noticed in what book or magazine this poem was first printed.

Garry C. Myers

A Horse of His Own

By Paul Witty
Professor of Education
Northwestern University

I was ten years old when my parents decided to move to North Platte, Nebraska. We were living in Chicago. Nebraska seemed to me a far-off land of sand hills, prairie fires, and Buffalo Bill—a place where Indians and cowboys roamed across vast plains and rode wild horses.

For this was 1910—the first Ford had just appeared. Only a few people owned automobiles, and the hum of the airplane was unknown. Horses and buggies were seen on every street. But this was the time when the West was beginning to develop rapidly.

Railroads had spanned three thousand miles from New York to San Francisco, but telephone and telegraph lines had yet to be put up. My father had been asked to go to North Platte—a town halfway between Denver and Omaha—to help in linking our east and west coasts with telephone and telegraph lines.

So when spring came to Chicago, we began to think of moving. To me, this was the beginning of a great adventure. I could scarcely wait for the day we would leave on the long journey. It was a long tiresome trip. But the country was new and exciting to me.

I shall never forget our arrival in North Platte on a clear May morning. I had been up early watching the fascinating country pass by. Trees gave way at times to barren stretches of sand. Out the window I saw tumbleweeds—

rolled into great balls which moved slowly in a gentle wind. As we drew near North Platte, I observed many little mounds of fresh dirt not far from the tracks. These little mounds hid holes from which there emerged from time to time pert-looking little animals that resembled squirrels. These prairie dogs peered at us and dashed back into their hideaways when the train whistle blew.

Before long our train stopped at the station. We were met by Mr. Grant, a kind-looking man who greeted us in a dignified way.

Then he took us to our carriage, a two-seated buggy covered by a parasol with long fringe that swayed in the wind. I was too much interested in the carriage at first to notice the horse.

But Sam did not intend to go unnoticed. He began to neigh and move his right front hoof impatiently, tapping the ground with a somewhat rhythmic beat.

"Don't try it, boy," said Mr. Grant. "Sam has thrown everyone who ever tried to ride him." He continued, "But Sam is a

His hair was sleek and brown, and his long tail and mane glistered in the bright sunlight. I thought him the most beautiful animal I had ever seen.

The next morning I went out to the barn. Mr. Grant told me to be careful—Sam was a spirited animal. He had kicked open the door to the barnyard a number of times. And he had jumped the high fence. I took several lumps of sugar with me, and with a growing affection petted Sam and offered him the sugar which he accepted gratefully.

Days went by quickly and the hot summer arrived. My affection for Sam increased steadily during the summer months.

"Why can't I ride Sam?" I asked Mr. Grant one day. "I have always wanted to ride horseback, you know." I had made this request before, but the answer was always the same.

good carriage horse—in a way." Mr. Grant smiled. "You know, he'll balk at the drop of a hat."

Mr. Grant, from whom we had leased the house, the grounds, and Sam, said he had tried without success to break this horse. But it seemed impossible. Sam kept right on balking. And he seemed to resent anyone who tried to be friendly.

I was not long in finding out about Sam's balking. On Monday night, guests arrived from New York—officials of the telephone and telegraph company. We had decided to take them for a drive the next morning across the North Platte River and into the foothills. There they could see the rapidly growing span of wires being hooked to poles driven deep into the sand.

Sam was unusually spirited this morning. He tossed his mane and waited impatiently to start. My father was holding the reins. He had been warned to "take it easy at the bridge."

All went well at first. The carriage sped along. Mr. Lawson, one of the officials, remarked, "What a beautiful horse you have. I should like to own a horse like Sam."

About that time the bridge came in sight. Sam ran completely up to the bridge—then stopped suddenly. We almost plunged over the dashboard.

"Go on, Sam," my father urged. Sam looked around. "Go ahead, old fellow," my father continued. After this request, Sam pushed backward more rapidly. My father pleaded with him to go ahead. Then he yelled loudly, but with every command Sam moved back. Finally the carriage was on the brink of a culvert at the side of the road. One more back-

ward lunge and into the ditch we would descend—carriage and horse and guests.

"Let me get out and lead him," I pleaded.

"I don't think it'll help but you can try," said my father. "Be careful, son," he cautioned.

Hesitatingly I approached Sam, stroking his neck and finally his head. Then I seized the bridle. Slowly we began to move ahead—up to the bridge. We stopped a moment at the bridge. I patted Sam again and said, "Come on, Sam, let's go."

We moved slowly across the bridge as I led the horse. A wagon went by and a farmer shouted, "It'll take you a long time to get anywhere at the rate you're going."

I answered, "Sam can run as fast as any race horse—if there isn't a bridge around."

After we had crossed the

bridge, I got back in the carriage.

"I think you should drive him," said my father. "You seem to know how to handle this horse."

"He's all right," I said. "But something must have happened to him when he was a colt that made him afraid of bridges."

We had a fine day in the country. As we drove home, we talked about what we'd do when we came to the bridge.

"Let's see what Sam does first," I said.

When we came to the bridge, Sam stopped. Without a word, I got out, took hold of the bridle, and led him across the bridge. Then I got in the buggy again, and Sam trotted happily home.

One day I decided to try to ride Sam. I talked to him, petted him, and led him to the porch where I could mount easily. I jumped on and settled down on his back. He tossed his head,

Illustrated by Ted Schroeder



drew back, and then raced ahead. How wonderful it was to ride Sam!

We sailed down the road which led to Buffalo Bill's Rest Ranch. Everything seemed to be going along smoothly. Ahead I noticed a ball of tumbleweeds at the edge of an alfalfa field. When we were just opposite the tumbleweed ball, Sam stopped suddenly without any warning. I clutched the reins and grabbed his mane, but this did not help. Over his head I went, on top of a not-too-hard patch of alfalfa.

Sam stood quietly looking at me. "That's all right, Sam," I said. "Anyway, you chose a soft place for me to land." I got back on the horse and rode home. I rode Sam many times after that beginning. Never again did he balk when I was on his back.

As we approached our house, I saw my father and mother on the porch.

"I can't believe it," said my father as he saw me riding horseback. "I thought that Sam would never let anybody ride him."

"I'm not surprised," said my mother. "Our son surely loves



this horse." Then she added, "And Sam knows it, too."

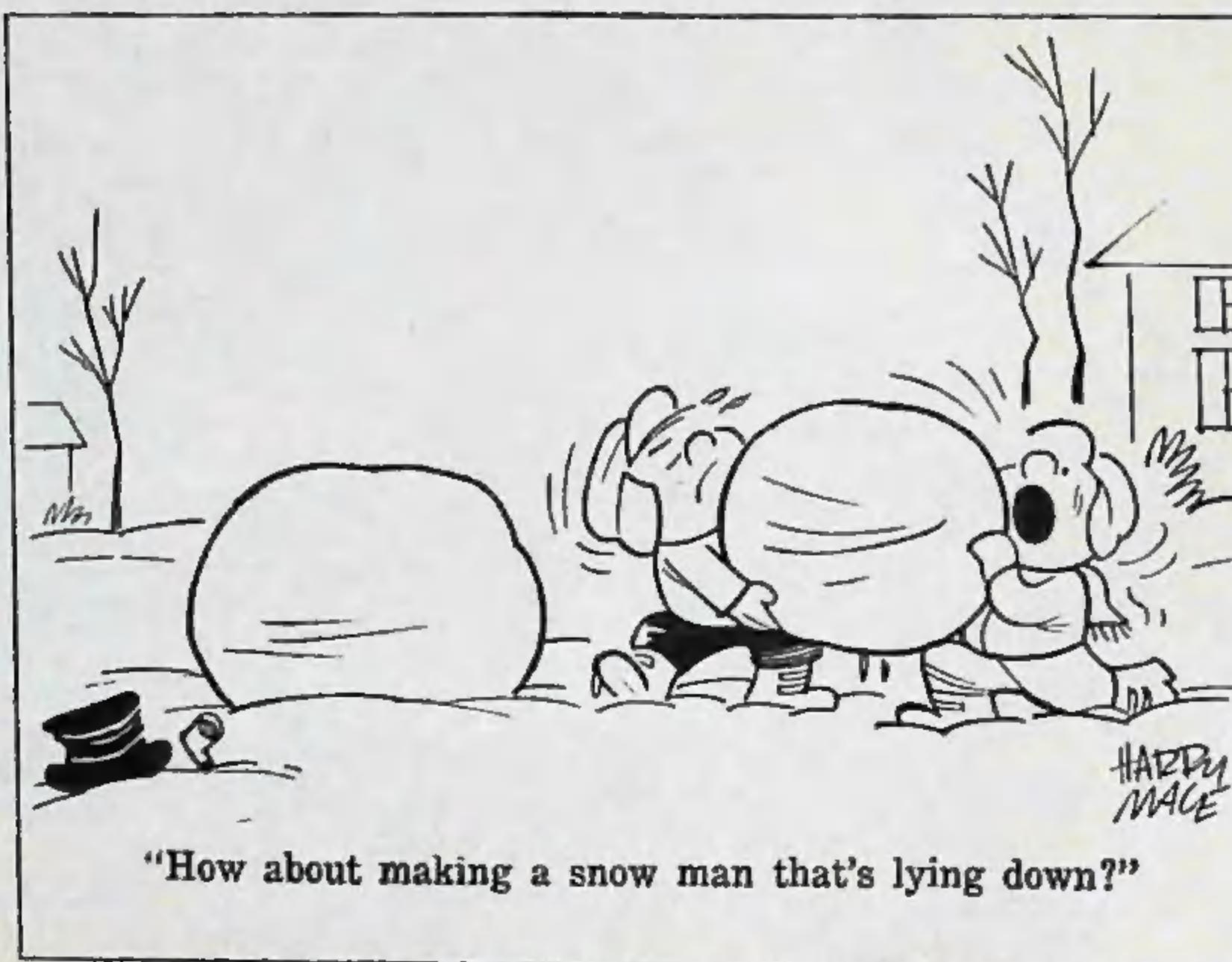
One Saturday we decided to go to a nearby ranch to hunt grouse and prairie chicken. Lunches were packed and everything was made ready. We started off gaily, stopping only at the bridge for me to get out and lead Sam across.

We had been riding about an hour when we came to a sharp bend in the road. Just before it was time to turn, Sam sniffed the air, threw back his head, and neighed excitedly.

"There he goes again," said my father. "If he balks, I think I'll whip him."

Sam started to back up. My father lifted the whip.

"No, no," I said. "Let me get out." I jumped to the ground.



"How about making a snow man that's lying down?"

Off With the Old

By K. L. Boynton Formerly of the Staff
Chicago Natural History Museum

Some animals get too big for their breeches. They have to have entirely new suits.

The big old American toad has to shed his warty skin every few weeks while he's growing, and then about four times a year after that. His skin doesn't peel off in pieces like yours when you get sunburned. It comes off in one piece and it takes about five minutes for the job. The old skin splits down the middle. He then uses his big mouth and his front feet to help him get out of his old suit. His front feet shove a part of the skin into his mouth and he pulls and pushes it on in, sucking and swallowing and pulling. The leg skin splits, too, and he pulls his legs out by rubbing them against his body. This fellow is very neat. He doesn't just get out of his clothes and then leave them right there, like some people I know. He swallows his.

Crabs have to cast off their shells, too, because they get so big there isn't room enough inside any more. When it's time for a change a split comes at the back edge of the shell. Just as you'd expect, the crab backs out of his clothes. It's not an easy job because the shell is hard and doesn't give. All of his hard parts are cast off, including eye and gill covers and mouth parts. He has to wriggle and shove and squeeze. Last of all he pulls out his claws. It takes him about an hour to change his clothes. Nice thing about a crab is that he can grow new claws if he loses them. When he's fresh out of his old clothes,

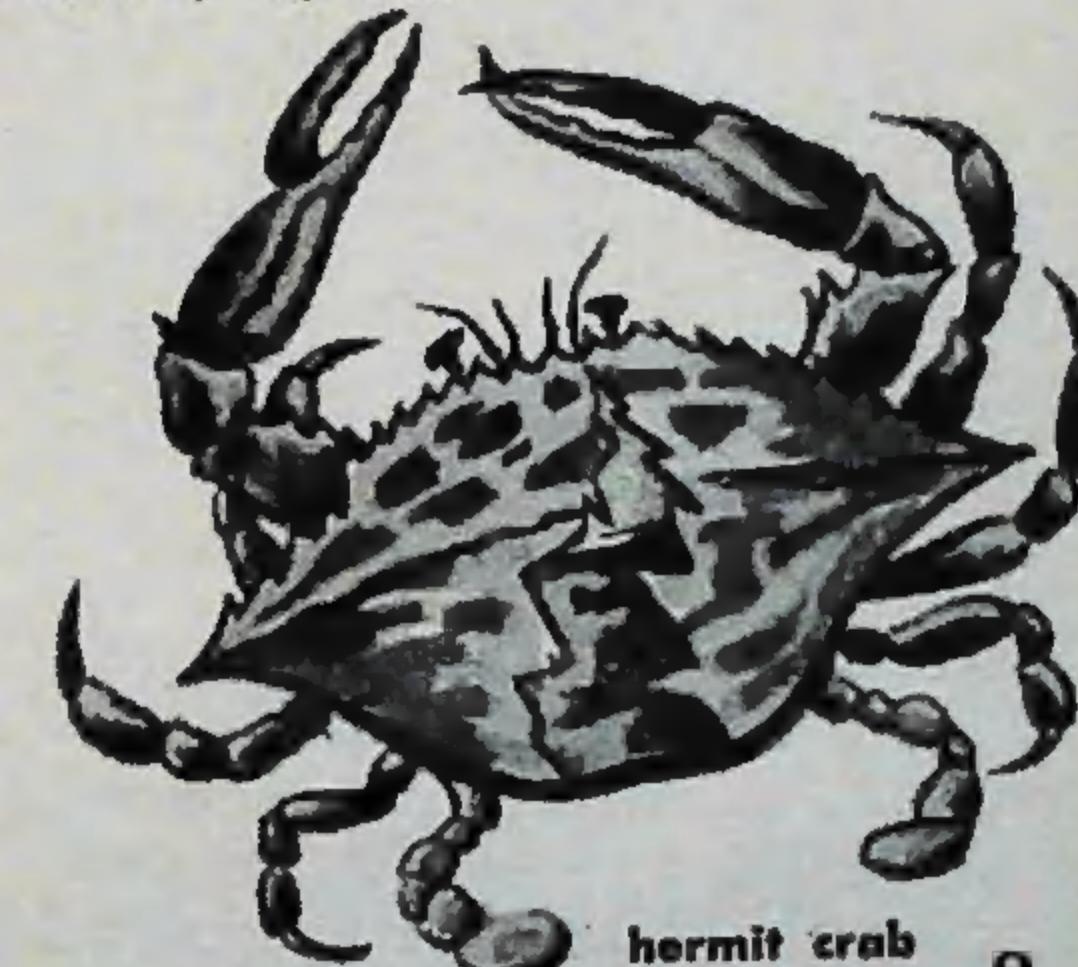
he's soft and without protection from his enemies. Until his new shell hardens up, he tries to hide as much as possible.

Snakes get new clothes by shedding, too. Even their eye coverings are changed. This takes place about every month and a half. About ten days before it happens, the snake's eyes cloud over and look all milky. He can't see, and tries to stay by himself. Then, after a few days, his eyes begin to clear and he can see. Now his skin around his head begins to loosen. He starts to rub himself against stones or anything rough he can find. Gradually he pushes the old skin back and back, turning it inside out as he goes. Finally he's out of it entirely. Then he's a fine, bright color, for this outside skin is all fresh and new.

Mrs. Spider changes her dress completely, too. Underneath her outside skin are special glands. A fluid comes out of these that loosens up her old skin. It then splits here and there, and she steps out of it. Her new skin is spick-and-span, and covered with a full set of tiny hairs.

Animals with hair generally have two kinds—long, coarse ones on the outside, and soft, short ones next to their skin. The outside "guard" hairs help shed water and protect the warm underwear fur. Naturally enough, the hair that makes up an animal's coat gets a lot of wear and tear. Then, too, animals don't need heavy underwear when it's warm. So in the late

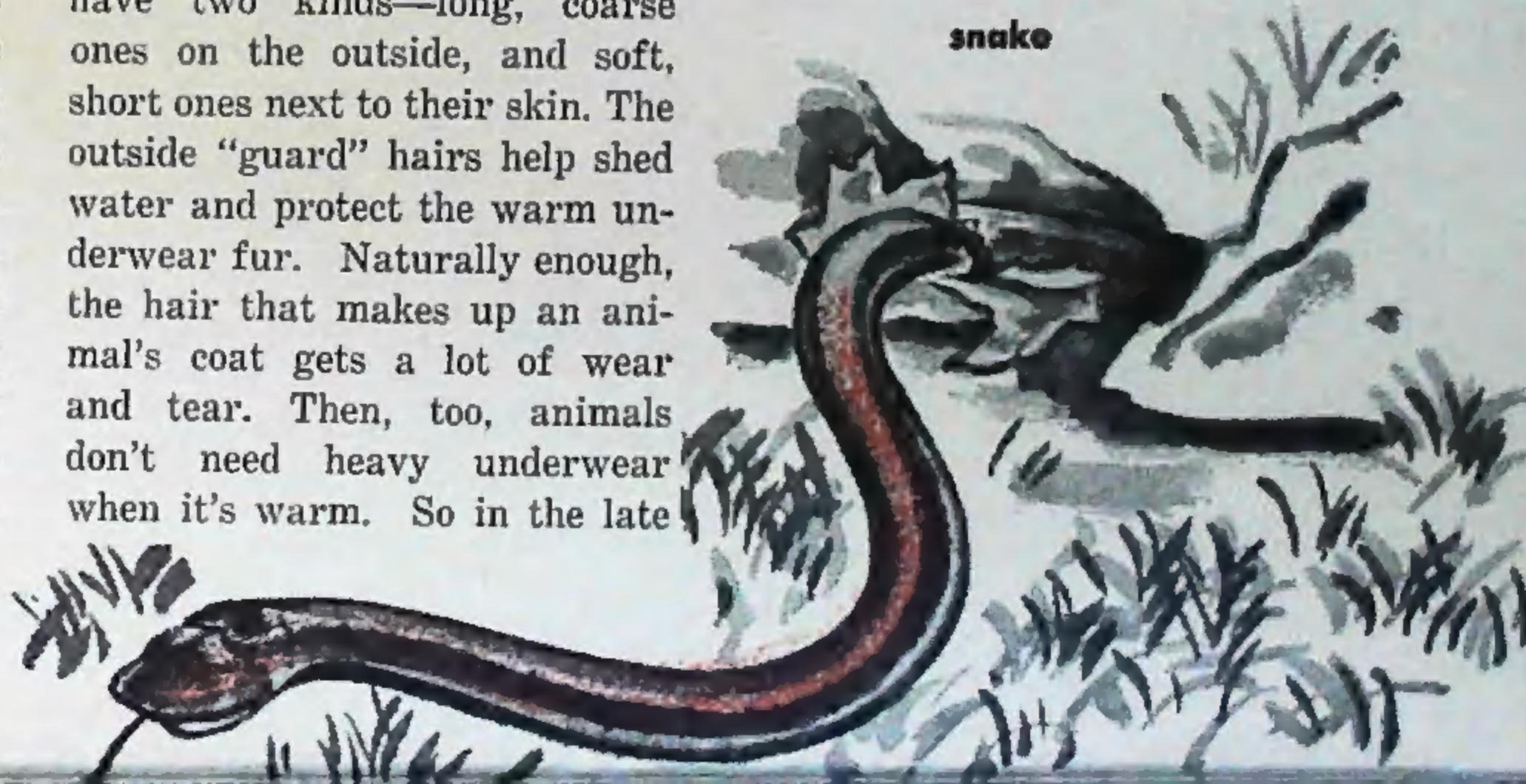
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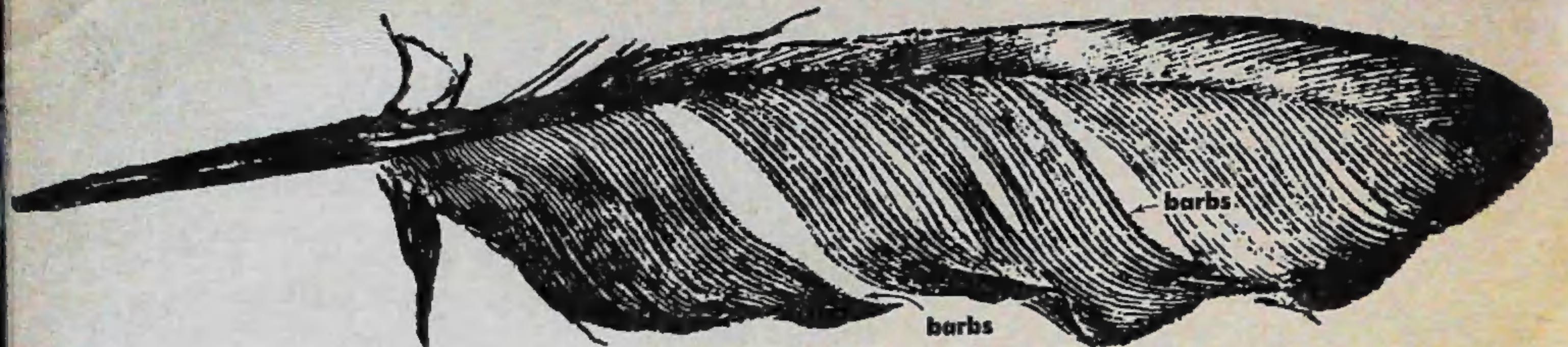
hermit crab



American toad



snake



spring, a lot of hair falls out.

Each hair grows out of a special place called a follicle. This has a blood supply. When sheddingtime comes, the blood supply is cut off, and the hair becomes brittle and breaks off. It comes away in patches. Animals generally try to rub against something to help get the old dead hair off. And they look pretty sloppy, to be sure.

10

An animal's summer coat is much thinner. When it's time for winter clothes, the soft underfur comes in very heavy, and more top hairs come, too.

Birds have to change their feathers just as an animal sheds his hair. This molting takes place after the nestingtime, and before they shove off south for the winter, if they're the roving kind.

Their feathers loosen in their skin, and stick out here and there. Birds look very sloppy, then, and feel it, too. Nobody feels like singing, then, to be sure. Some birds, like auks and ducks, shed great bunches of feathers at a time. This is a mistake, for they can't even fly then. They're grounded until their wing feathers come in again. Others, like crows and hawks, shed only a few flight feathers at a time. This cramps their style but they can still get around.

New feathers come out of the bird's skin. They're attached by the stiff part called the quill. When the feathers are growing, they are nourished by a blood supply. But this shuts off when the feather is grown.

When you find a feather, you

can pull it apart, then stick it together again so it is all smooth. The reason is this. All along the edges of the sections that make up the broad part of a feather are little barbs with hooks on them. These catch and hold onto each other like a zipper. This system makes the whole bird's surface smooth and flat. It helps him get through the air faster.

Underwear feathers don't have hooks. They're supposed to fluff up and hold air to keep the bird warm. That's why they're made up of just a quill to stick in the skin, and a fluffy tuft at the end.

These lucky animal creatures don't have to worry about the newest fashion in dresswear. They let Mother Nature do the worrying, and she knows what's best for them.

Missile Carries Mail

On June 8, 1959, a guided missile, shot from a submarine off the Atlantic Coast, carried 3,000 letters written by Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield. The missile landed safely at Mayport Naval Air Station near Jacksonville, Florida—a distance of 100 miles in 22 minutes.

This peacetime use of a guided missile for carrying mail is the

first known official use by any post office department of any nation.

Mr. Summerfield predicted regular missile mail in a speech last January. "Before man reaches the moon," he said, "your mail will be delivered within hours from New York and California, to England, to India, or to Australia by guided missiles."

Riddles

1. What is it that one man can carry, but a hundred men can't stand on end?
2. What did the letter say to the stamp?
3. What makes an empty matchbox superior to any other?
4. Why is a speech ornamental when it is delivered on a ship?
5. When is a person like a small bucket?
6. How can you write your name without using a pencil?

Answers:
 1. A rope. 2. "Stick to me and we'll go places." 3. It is matches. 4. It is a little pale (pallid). 5. Use a pen. 6. When he is a little pale (pallid).

Safe Skating Fun

By Garry Cleveland Myers

Pictures by Z. Virginia Ellison



Poozy: "Pop, the pond is frozen over."
 Father: "We'll go down and see if it's safe."



Woozy: "I know it's all right. Zibby said so."
 Mother: "Let's see what your father thinks."



Father: "See that sign, children?"
 Piddy: "Wouldn't the ice hold me?"



Poozy: "Let's try it, anyway."
 Mother: "We'll wait till tomorrow."

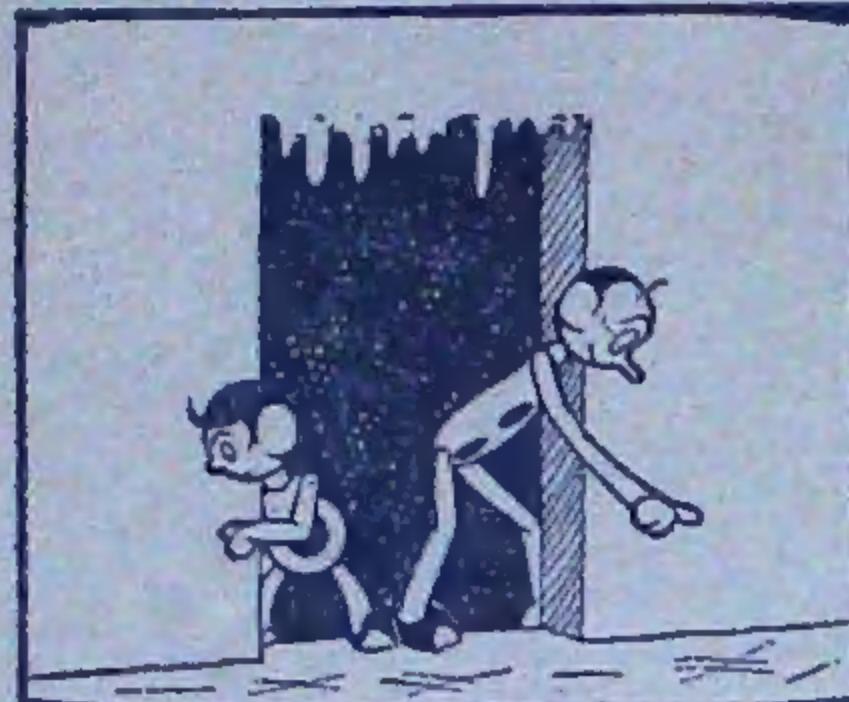


Woozy: "It was very cold last night."
 Poozy: "Glad we can skate now."

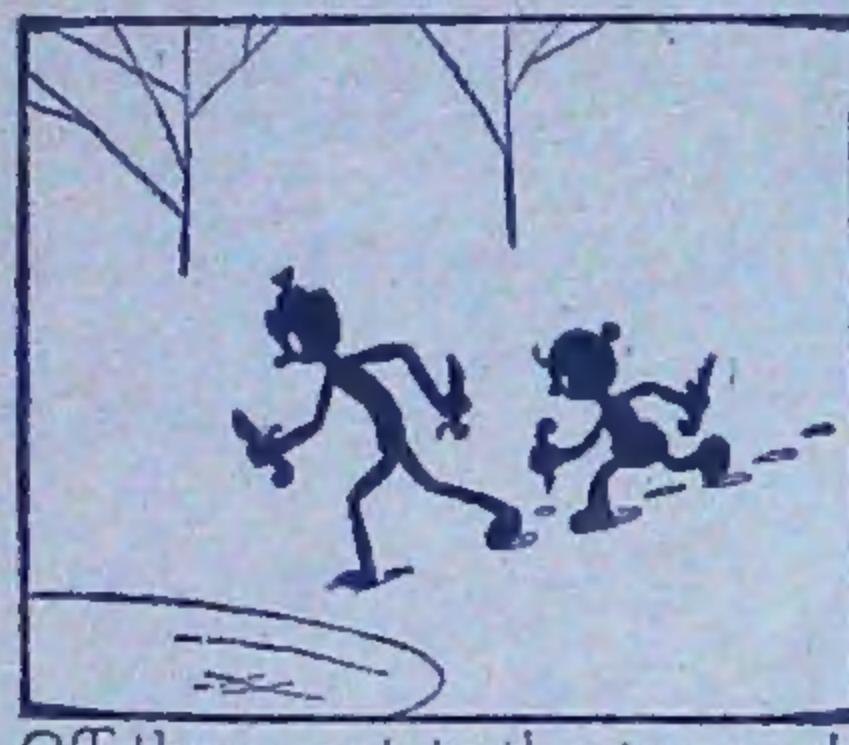
Father: "Lots of fun when it's safe."
 Piddy: "Can't fall in now, can we?"

THE TIMBERTOES

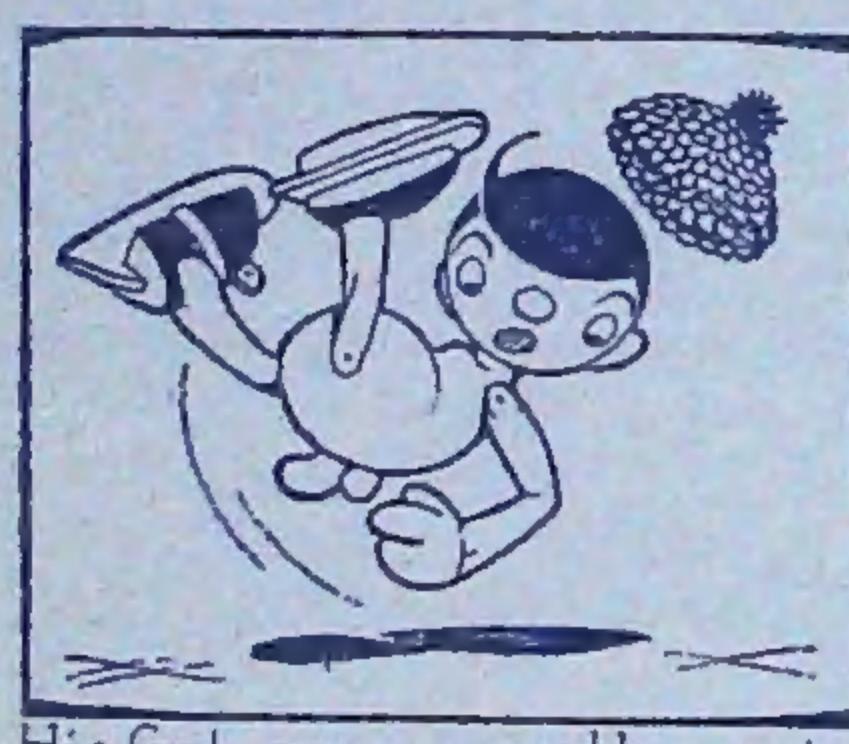
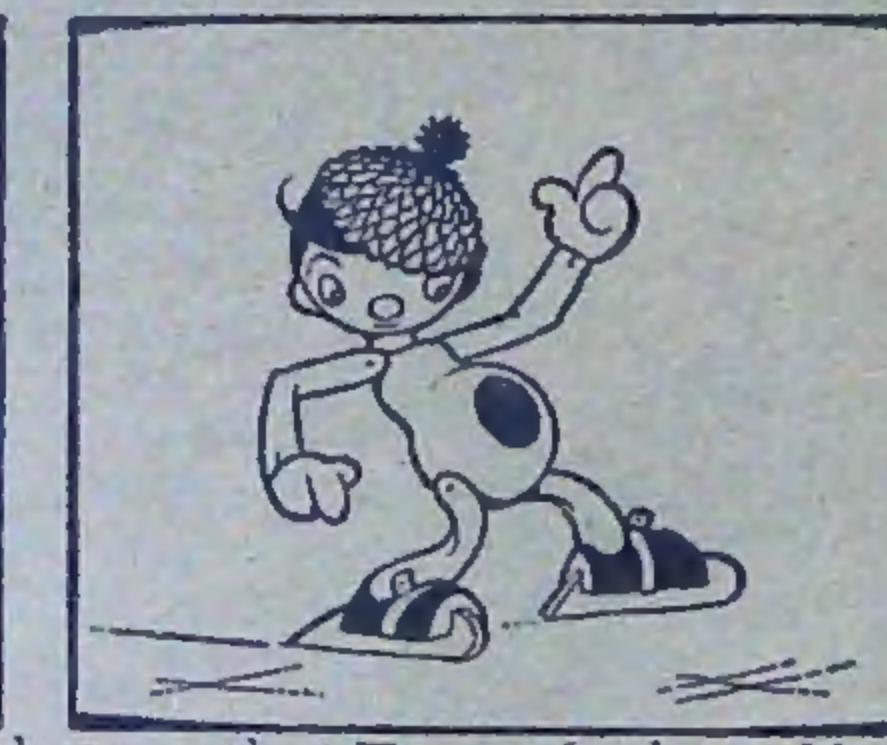
by John Gee



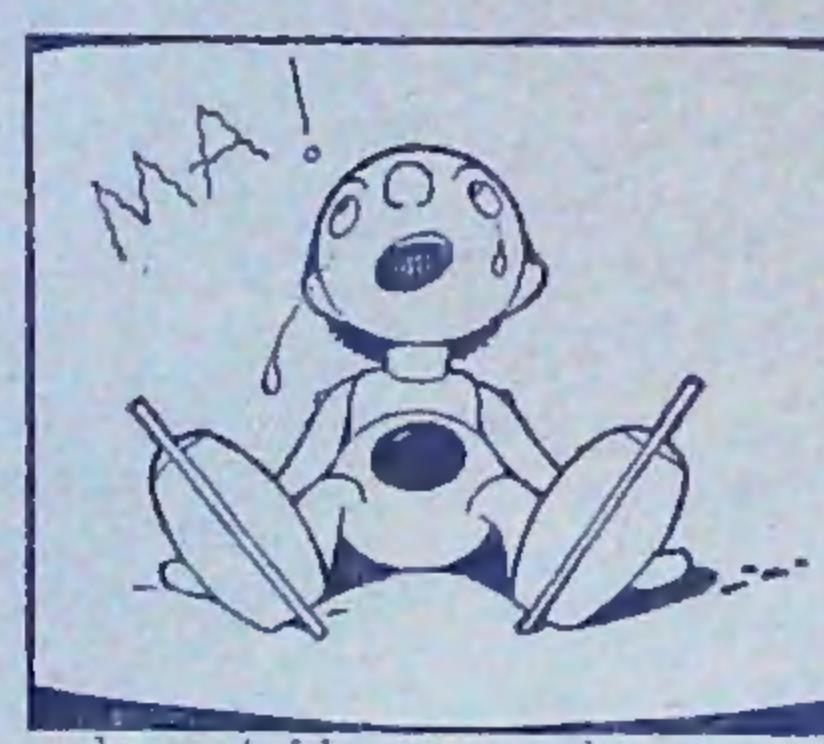
Last night a big freeze came. "Let's get out our skates," said Pa. They put on their new warm hats.



Off they went to the ice pond. Pa Timbertoes was a wonderful skater—but Tommy had troubles.



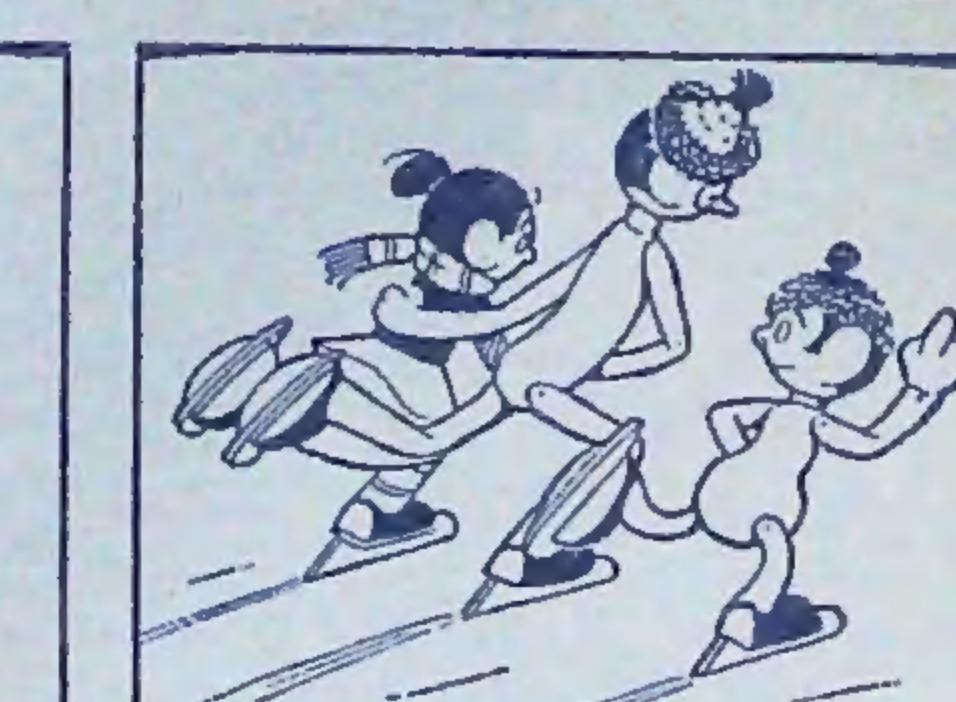
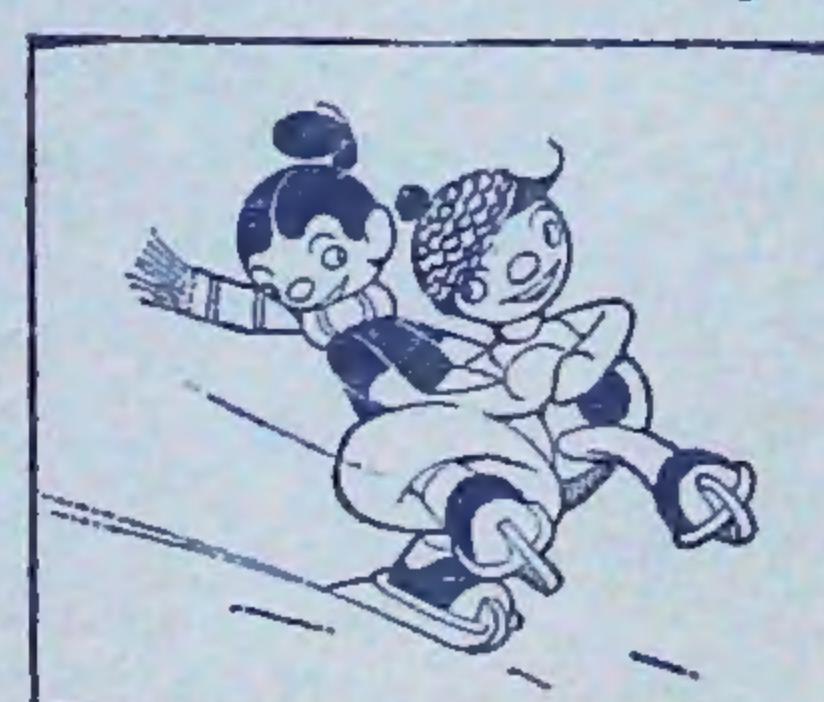
His feet came up, and he went down, boom! He was unhappy.



Here comes Mother Timbertoes.



Mother helped Tommy up again. They skated together very well.



So long, Pa and Ma and Tommy!

Sammy Spivens

By Dorothy Waldo Phillips

Hello there:

"My favorite thing to do," exclaimed Sammy, "is to drive with Dad on Saturday mornings."

Sammy, his small sister Susie, and Susie's fuzzy toy dog were in the back seat. Dad parked at the meter next to the police booth. As he jumped out, he didn't notice that his cigarette lighter fell from his pocket to the front seat.

Sammy noticed it. Sammy grabbed it. "No one's looking," he mumbled. And flip-flip went the wheel and flash-flash went the flame.

Suddenly the flame met his fingers. "Ouch!" he said, and dropped it. It fell on the fuzzy dog and before you could say "Weeds!" there was a small fire in the back seat. It was terribly frightening.

Sammy pulled Susie out of the car and called to the police booth for help.



Officer Alms never ran so fast. Quickly he smothered the flames with the car blanket. "Whew!" he exclaimed. "Might have been very serious!"

You can imagine how Dad felt.

All the way home he was sort of shaky and palish.

"Sammy," he said, "how many times have you been told NOT to fool with lighters? Will you never learn to obey? Of course you must expect punishment for this."

Susie was sobbing bitterly, "Fuzzy was my favorite dog."

Sammy kept repeating, "It's my fault. I'm sorry, Dad." He felt more awful than awful—and that is really AWFUL!

After lunch George Gruffington, Jr., arrived on his bike. "The Merrivales are showing cartoon movies for the kids," he shouted. "And guess what—there's a chocolate cake for afterwards. Let's get going!"

"I can't go anywhere," said a gloomy Sammy. "I'm being punished." While he told his story, George could hear Susie sobbing in her room. "She loved Fuzzy," said Sammy. "I feel terrible."

Suddenly some magic seemed to settle on George Gruffington, Jr., and blow all his selfishness away. The kindest expression spilled all over George's face. Opening the little girl's door, he said softly, "Don't you cry, Susie. I'll help you. Honest I will."

Susie looked up through the dampness. "Whatever could you do?" she sobbed.

"Listen," said George, "I have two live poodle pups. Who wants two? Ridiculous! You may have one. Would you like the boy or the girl dog?"

It was like sunshine after rain. "I like boys best," smiled Susie.

"George," said Mrs. Spivens, "surely you are the nicest boy in town."

"Oh, gosh," muttered George with a reddish, sort of shy look.

Well, George actually gave up

the cake and the movies, and hurried home to get that poodle pup.

How Susie loved her new pet!



"He's so saucy and so smart," said Mother. "But, Sammy, what a lot of explaining you'll have to do to YOUR dog Butterscotch!"

"In the new 1960 me," announced Sammy, "there will be no Fire Weeds. I'll just walk right past lighters without even looking at them."

"My mouse manners in 1960 will be magnificent," promised Columbus.

"In 1960 I'll try to be polite to that upstart poodle," mumbled Butterscotch. "But I'll bet he is a show-off. He'll probably do tricks," he sneered. "They always do." (And when a dog sneers, it's the sneeriest of all sneers.)

Columbus waved a whisker. "That's what they mean by a dog's life," he remarked.

Love.
Aunt Dorothy

P.S. Mr. and Mrs. Columbus are looking up at YOU. They say, "How about YOUR 1960 you?"





A GOOSE IS A GOOSE

Hidden Pictures

In this large picture find the fish, bird, lamb, ant, toothbrush, sickle, monkey, pear, cow's head.

Getting ready to read through fun at looking, comparing, judging, classifying—thinking.

Jonah and the Whale

A Bible Story

By Dora P. Chaplin

Some of the people of God believed that the Lord God cared for their nation alone, and not for foreign people. But others knew that God is Lord and Father of us all. Someone who understood that we are all God's children wrote a wonderful story to teach us that the people of all countries are cared for by their Heavenly Father. Listen to the story of Jonah.

Once upon a time a man called Jonah was commanded by God to go to a great city called Nineveh. He was to travel there and warn the people to change their ways, for they had forgotten God's laws and they were behaving very badly. When God's word came to Jonah, he understood. He was to try to help the people to do better, and save them from punishment.

But Jonah had angry thoughts in his heart. He said to himself, "I am not going to Nineveh. That is a foreign city. Why should I bother about those strangers? We are the people of God, and he should pay attention to us alone." Jonah thought again. "The Lord God is very kind and gracious. If I go to Nineveh, these foreign people will listen to me, they will be sorry for their disobedience, and they will turn to God. He will make them his people. We cannot have that."

God told Jonah to travel to the east, and I am sorry to say he went in the opposite direction, thinking he could run away from God. Instead of journeying across the land, he went west to a town by the sea. He wandered about in the streets, making up his mind that he would find a way to



Illustrated by Richard H. Sanderson

hide himself. As he walked on, he came to the seashore and there was a ship, all ready to sail to Spain.

"May I come with you?" said Jonah to the captain.

"Yes, if you have money," said the captain.

Jonah paid his fare and went on board. "At last I am safe," said the foolish Jonah. "I have run away from God and I need not do what he says."

When the ship had sailed for a time, a terrible storm began. The wind roared and the waves rose. Jonah was fast asleep down below and knew nothing about it. Even the sailors began to be afraid. They called to their gods to save them. The ship rolled to and fro, and the waves grew higher and higher. The captain expected the ship to be broken in two, and he ordered the men to throw the cargo overboard.

The captain went down to the inner part of the ship where Jonah lay. I expect he had to shake him to wake him. "Why do you sleep?" he said. "Don't you know we are in danger in this dreadful storm? Get up, now, and call on your god to save us."

The sailors, who were reeling as they tried to walk on the swaying ship, crowded around Jonah. "Who are you?" they said. "Who

is your god? You have brought us bad luck!"

Jonah said, "I worship the Lord God who made the sea and the land. I have done wrong. I have tried to run away from him."

The sailors were afraid. They tried to row the boat back to land and get rid of Jonah. They thought if they could send him away, their good luck would return and the storm would disappear.

"Throw me into the sea," said Jonah. "I suppose everything is my fault." He was ashamed of himself and wished he had done what he was told.

The sailors picked him up, so the old story tells us, and threw him into the water. Along came a big fish. (Could it have been a whale?) Jonah slipped into its open mouth and right down its throat! Away went the whale. And when it reached the dry land, it gave a big cough. Jonah found himself safe on the shore!

This is not the end of the strange old tale. Jonah went home, and once again God spoke to him. Jonah had another great adventure, and next month we shall hear what it was, for he had not yet taken the message God sent to the strangers in a foreign land.

A Japanese New Year

By Mildred D. Lewis
Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

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Sandra is an American girl who has lived in Japan a long time—so long, in fact, that she speaks the language and knows many native customs. This year she is spending New Year's holiday with her Japanese friend Taeko.

It seems strange to Sandra to be sleeping on the floor in the Japanese manner, but it is fun and it does simplify bedmaking. On rainy days the quilted beds and covers are put away in cupboards. On sunny days they hang out the open windows like great red or plaid tongues.

This morning Sandra wakes to see Taeko sleepily stretching.

"Happy New Year, Miss Sandra!" says Taeko.

They jump up and hustle into sweaters and skirts. Instead of shoes they put on white "tabi," a kind of sock with a special place for the big toe. Shoes would wear out the straw mat flooring.

Downstairs the girls find Taeko's family ready for breakfast. They seat themselves on the

floor in front of the low table. Before the special New Year's breakfast is served, everyone, beginning with baby Naicho and ending with Grandmother, drinks a sweet drink called o-toso. Old beliefs say this will ward off illness for the whole year.

After breakfast the girls go outdoors to play battledore and shuttlecock. They each have a wooden paddle with which they bat a small rubber ball with feathers on it. For many, many years the game has been played at the New Year—and only by girls. Now Taeko's brothers watch as the girls play. But never once is it suggested that they join the fun.

Soon visitors begin to arrive for New Year's greetings. At the door they remove their wooden "geta," or street shoes, to keep from tracking dirt into the spotlessly clean house. Like the girls, the guests wear snowy white tabi.

The big event of the day is a trip to the Shrine Festival, and the children are impatient. Will

the guests NEVER stop coming?

All the children take their baths—the first bath of the year must be an extra-thorough one—and dress in their very best kimonos long before their parents are free to go. Sandra has a pretty dress, but secretly she wishes for a pink-and-red kimono, and geta with bells on them.

Finally the whole family is ready. A short ride on a crowded streetcar brings them to the shrine where booths on both sides of the long pedestrian avenue are decorated with red-and-white bunting. Women and girls are dressed in kimonos of vividly contrasting colors, while men and older women wear somber brown or black. Boys, for the most part, wear the black school uniforms.

The air is filled with odors of roasting chestnuts and potatoes, of "soba" and "sushi," two favorite foods of the Japanese. Some stalls are piled high with rice cakes, without which the new New Year holiday would not be



complete. It is the cotton candy, however, that catches the children's fancy, and Taeko begs her father to buy them some. Then when they come to a booth selling all sorts of demon masks, each younger child wants one of them.

Next is the fortune-selling booth. Sandra hands the attendant her ten yen. That is equal to about three cents in American money. He shakes a cylindrical bamboo box, tips it, and out comes a slender stick, also bamboo, which he hands to Sandra. On it are Japanese characters which she cannot read. Taeko explains they indicate the number of her fortune. The attendant gives Sandra a piece of paper with the fortune on it. It prom-

ises her good health all year. Now Taeko buys a fortune. She doesn't like hers because it says she might have some trouble with her business partner. But that can be overcome. She ties the bad prophecy to a bush from which flutter many other not-wanted fortunes. She selects one that says she will take a trip, and is satisfied with her fortune.

At last they reach the shrine where the people come to pray. It is a graceful building with a spreading, pagoda-shaped roof. The steps, extending across the entire building, are crowded with worshipers.

Sandra hangs back as the family approaches the shrine. "I will wait here," she says. "I do not

know your prayers."

"Just as you wish," smiles Taeko's mother, "but I think that no matter what we call him or in what language we pray, the same God watches us all."

So Sandra mounts the steps with her friends, puts a coin in the offering, and says a prayer. Around her the Japanese are praying, too. And according to an ancient custom, they clap their hands twice before and after prayers.

Everyone is tired when they reach home, but they decide that it has been a very fine first day of the New Year.

The New Year is the most important holiday of the year for the Japanese.

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Happy New Year Around the World

By Charles F. Berlitz
Berlitz School of Languages

Language	How To Write It	How To Say It
French	Bonne Année	bohn ah-neh
German	Prosit Neujahr	PROH-sit NOY-yahr
Spanish	Feliz Año Nuevo	feh-LEETH AH-n'yoh NWEH-voh
Russian	С НОВЫМ ГОДОМ	snoh-VEEM GOH-dohm
Chinese	恭喜發財	goong shee fah zigh
Norwegian	Godt Nyttår	got new-tohr
Portuguese	Feliz Ano Novo	feh-LEEZ AH-noh NOH-voh
Greek	ΕΥΤΥΧΕΣ ΤΟ ΝΕΟΥ ΈτΟΣ	ef-tee-HEHS toh NEH-on EH-tohs
Japanese	新年御目出度	shin-nen oh-meh-deh-toh
Arabic	كل عام وانتم بخير	kull lah-AHN wah AHN-toom beh-HAIR

Happy Birthday, Joey

By Jane Meier

"Whee!" Joey Aldrich squealed as he got a running start and slid across a patch of ice on the walk. Then he skipped a few steps and ran a few steps. He was fairly bursting with happiness and excitement because today was his birthday—his eighth birthday!

"I wish I could sprout wings and fly home!" he thought to himself. "Then I could be there sooner and help Mother get ready for my party." The rest of the way home he was busy thinking, wondering and wondering what he would get for his birthday.

Soon he was home. He cut across the front lawn. With each step his boots went crunch-crunch as they sank into the snow. He raced across the porch and burst in the door, completely forgetting to take off his snow-covered boots. "Mother," he called, "I'm home!"

"I'm here in the basement decorating for your party, Joey," said Mrs. Aldrich.

Joey bounded down the stairs. When he saw the purple and yellow crepe-paper streamers, and the bright-colored balloons, and the big pink birthday cake on the table, he jumped up and down. "Gee, Mom, you've really fixed the playroom great! The kids will have a swell time!"

"I'm glad you like it, Joey," said Mrs. Aldrich. Beside each boy's place she put a bag of marbles. Each girl was to get a tiny decorated comb. "There, now," she added, "we're all set. Run upstairs and comb your hair. Your friends will be here any minute."

"OK, Mom," said Joey. He dashed up the stairs and into the bathroom. He splashed a little water on the front of his hair and quickly ran the comb through it.

"The back won't matter," he said aloud as he heard the doorbell ring.

One by one the children arrived, each carrying a gaily wrapped package for Joey. He squeezed each one and shook it

a little to see if he could guess what was inside. But they were all mysterious. He just couldn't guess.

All the gifts were piled on a table in the playroom and the games were about to start. Suddenly Joey realized that his best friend Manuel was not there.

"Mother," he said, "wait! Manuel isn't here yet. I don't want to start without him."

"I think he'll be coming along, Joey," said Mother. "We'd better begin the games. He can have a chance at some of the others."

"All right," said Joey, but he was sad because his best friend was not there.

They played "Pin the Tail on the Donkey," and they dropped clothespins to see who could get the most inside a milk bottle. They were just beginning to play "Musical Chairs" when Joey happened to look up at the basement window. There he saw a round face, two big eyes, and a little nose pressed against the window-pane. It was Manuel!

"Stop the piano, Mother!" said Joey. "Manuel's here!" He ran to the window and stood on a chair.

"Manuel," he called, "come on in! We're just going to play 'Musical Chairs' and you might win a prize."

Manuel shook his head slowly from side to side. Joey opened the

window a crack so he could talk to him.

"No," said Manuel, "I can't come in."

"Why not?" Joey asked, puzzled. "Why can't you come to my party?"

"Because," said Manuel sadly, "I couldn't buy you a present. I didn't have enough money. And my mother said I shouldn't come without a present for you."

"That doesn't matter," said Joey. "I don't care a bit. Honest! Now, come on in!"

So Manuel joined the group of children and played so hard his little face was pink from the excitement.

Joey opened his gifts one by one, amid shouts of glee from himself and his friends. There were toy trucks and cars, marbles, a dart game, a football, and a baseball bat. Last he opened the present that was from his mother and dad. It was a bright-red toy plane with four motors. Joey raced across the room, zooming the plane up and down as if it were in flight.

"Thanks, Mom," he said happily. "And thank you all for my nice presents."

He blew out every candle on his cake so he'd be sure to get his wish. Then Mrs. Aldrich served them delicious homemade ice cream and the pink birthday cake with pale green candles.

After they had eaten, they put on their coats, hats, boots, and mittens and went out the front door, calling their good-byes and thank-yous all the way down the walk.

But when Mrs. Aldrich and Joey came back into the house, there was Manuel sitting in the middle of the floor playing with the red plane.

Joey sat down beside him. "It's a swell plane, isn't it, Manuel?"

"It surely is!" answered the little boy as he scooted it along on the floor, making believe it was taking off.

Joey sat quietly, watching him for a moment. He thought it was just the best plane he'd ever seen, but he kept thinking of Manuel and how he didn't have toys like most of his friends. His dad was sick and his mother worked to buy groceries for the family.

Finally he said, "Would you like to take my plane home with you—to keep?"

Manuel's big brown eyes brightened. "Do you really mean it, Joey?" he asked. "Cross your heart?"

"Cross my heart," answered Joey.

So Manuel left, clutching the bright-red plane and looking as though he couldn't believe his good luck.

Joey went into the kitchen

Don always rings the doorbell before he enters his playmate's home.

where his mother was preparing dinner. "Mother," he began, "I hope you won't be mad. I gave the red plane to Manuel." Before she could answer, he added, "Gee, Mom, he really needs it. You see, he hasn't any toys at all."

Mrs. Aldrich looked at him. "If that's the way you want it, son," she said, "it's all right." She gave him a hug. "Happy birthday, Joey!" she said.

Illustrated by Jerome Weisman



★ Joey gives the choicest gift of his birthday party to a boy who had no money to buy him a gift.



Getting Ready To Read

Look at each thing in the column at the left. Say the word beside it.

Find the same thing in the second column, and say the word beside it.

Now find this word in the third column.

	cat		cub		camel
	colt		calf		cat
	camel		cow		cub
	cow		colt		calf
	cub		cat		colt
	calf		camel		cow

Health Quiz

Name some foods your mother wants you to eat.

"I know why you don't enjoy your dinner. I saw you eating a candy bar only a little while ago," said the mother to Julia. Why did the mother say this?

Why don't we eat enough for breakfast to last us the whole day?

How are large quantities of meat, fish, and vegetables kept fresh while being shipped thousands of miles?

Why do we eat desserts last instead of first at a meal?

What will happen to a dish of ice cream if it is left in a warm room half an hour?

Following Directions



Note: Complete each direction before the child begins to carry it out.

Move your finger from the owl, above the bush, to the tree.

From the lamb, above the grapes, below the star, to the sheep.

From the tiger, below the turtle, above the cat, below the calf, to the cage.



Which are being careful?

skates

skis



How are these all alike?
How are they different?

For Wee Folks



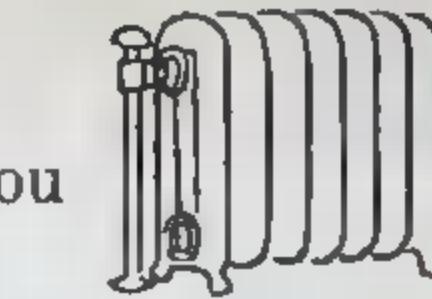
sunshine



fur coat



snow man



radiator



icicles

Which of these might help you get warmer when you are cold?
Would running help you to get warmer?



fireplace

Which shoe is for the left foot?
Which glove is for the right hand?
Which stocking is for the right foot?
Which earring is for the left ear?



shoe



earring



glove



glove



stocking



shoe



stocking

earring

Rembrandt

1606-1669



By Sidney A. Quinn
Illustrated by the Author

Rembrandt van Rijn sat perched with feet dangling over the high wall that kept the North Sea from flooding Holland.

Behind the stocky, broad-shouldered youth, his father's mill creaked as the wind helped turn the wheels grinding out meal and flour. For this was 1621, long before electricity, and the Dutch had learned to make the wind do a great deal of their work for them. The mill overlooked the Old Rhine River—or in Dutch, "Rijn." So the "van Rijn" part of Rembrandt's name merely means "from the Rhine."

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This was Rembrandt's favorite resting place when he wasn't helping out in the mill. He could watch for hours the ever-changing light on the landscape below where the passing clouds could make a hundred different pictures of the same scene.



But Rembrandt made good use of his leisure time. He carried pencil and notebook with him constantly. He sketched houses and mills of his native town Leyden. This town had already been made famous by a great painter-engraver Lucas van Leyden. The boy delighted in spending holidays visiting the town gallery, where he would gaze enthralled at the pictures Lucas had done.

We do not know much about Rembrandt's several sisters and brothers. His four older brothers went into commercial careers and it was decided to have at least one boy become a "man of letters." Rembrandt was the best student and showed the most promise. He longed to paint but his father thought he should study law. So he attended the university in Leyden.

But he never lost his desire to become a painter. So finally his worried parents decided to give the boy an opportunity to prove his talent.

They sent the eager lad to learn the first steps in painting from a local artist, Jacob van Swanenburgh, to whom he was apprenticed.

After three years Rembrandt showed such promise that he was encouraged to study with other better painters. He learned a great deal from each, but he never let their influence change the special style he was developing in his own work.

It was the custom in those days for young artists to travel to Italy and view the grand paintings of Raphael, Michelangelo, and other Italian masters. Many young painters came back from these trips with improved methods, it was true. But Rembrandt noted that now their paintings looked for all the world like Italian paintings, not Dutch.

Rembrandt loved his country. He thought it should be painted as a Dutchman would paint it. He decided never to leave Holland, and settled in the manufacturing town of Amsterdam where there were great opportunities for artists.

The wealthy citizens of Amsterdam gave the gifted young man all the work he could handle. He turned out hundreds of pictures during this period. They show more clearly than words the exciting people, places, and costumes of his time.

Finally he was hired to paint a large picture with many officers

of the militia—his now famous picture "Night Watch." He became so interested in making a good painting, full of light and life, that he made some of the men seem more important than others. Many of the men who were in the background felt that, since they were paying the same amount of money, they should all be in the front row. The picture was extremely unpopular, and many of the officers refused to pay their share.

This great picture became neglected. Part of it was burned and torn, and it was finally hung in a dirty room that was poorly heated with peat moss. The smoke and soot turned the brilliant, sunlit scene into what many people thought was night, and they named it "Night Watch." The painting has been restored to some of its brilliance, and now hangs in a museum in Amsterdam. It is considered one of the finest works of art in the whole world.

The failure of the "Night Watch" was the beginning of a



series of terrible misfortunes for Rembrandt. His work was now unpopular, his wife was very sick, and his money gone. But he never stopped painting. When he could no longer afford to hire models, he asked his neighbors or relatives to pose. Or if they were all too busy, he placed his easel near a mirror and painted a picture of himself.

The Bible was his favorite book so it was natural that he should turn to it for inspiration for painting. His pictures of Christ lacked the glamour of some of the foreign artists. Rembrandt's pictures of Christ might have been posed for by the man next door. But the face always showed faith and love and an inner glow that no artist has ever been able to copy.

Some of his Biblical pictures may look odd to us because Rembrandt painted them with the costumes worn by the people around him. But we find so much joy in the way they are painted that the costume details seem not to matter at all.

Rembrandt has left us an amazing series of self-portraits showing his development both as a man and as a painter. These portraits never veiled the truth. From those he did in early exciting youth until the final one painted in 1669, the year of his death, we can see his search for character. The last painting is clearly that of an old man, not even a handsome old man. But we cannot help feeling the sincerity and warmth of soul looking out at us through the years.

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A Child's Grace

Author Unknown

Thank you for the world so sweet.

Thank you for the food we eat.
Thank you for the birds that sing.

Thank you, God, for everything.

Purring

By Elizabeth Pilant

Not so loud, kitty,
Not so loud.
You're purring like
a thundercloud.

January

By Beatrice Barry

When Christmas time is over,
And their work is done,
The fairies join the elves and have
Their January fun.

They ride the falling snowflakes,
And shake the naked trees.
They prance and dance and whistle with
The frisky winter breeze.

Who Belongs to William?

By Lois Snelling

I have a little puppy.
He's cute as he can be.
He came upon my birthday
So he belongs to me.

But now this little puppy
Has got the strangest whim.
He thinks because we're buddies
That I belong to him.

Muffin Is a Smart Dog

By Bette K. Wayne

"Get the ball, Muffin," called John. Muffin ran after the ball. He ran across the yard as fast as his little legs would take him. He was happy to play ball with John.

He took the ball between his teeth and ran back to where John was waiting. He dropped the ball right at John's feet.

"Good dog, Muffin!" said John. "You are smart."

John picked up the ball. He gave it a hard throw. The ball sailed through the air. Muffin watched as it went higher and higher. It passed over the tree and bounced down the sidewalk. Muffin wanted to run after the ball, but he waited until John said, "Get the ball."

Away Muffin ran. The ball bounced on down the sidewalk. He ran faster



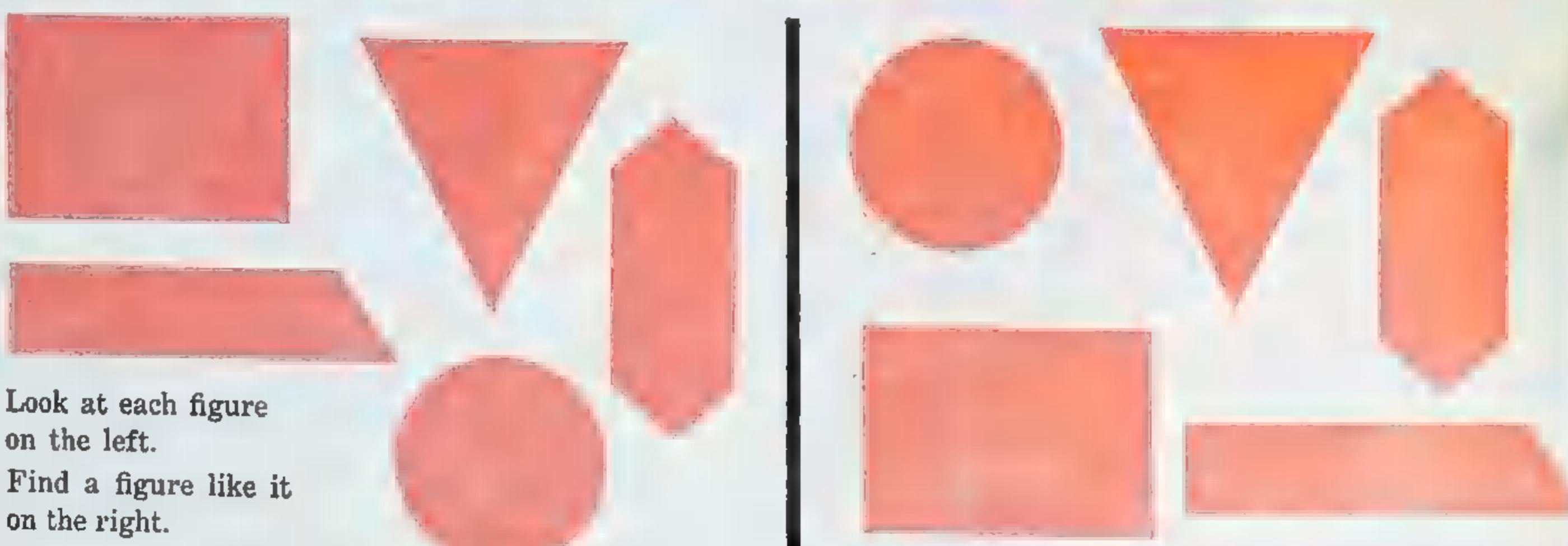
and faster. He was getting close to the ball when it bounced into the street.

A car was coming fast down the street and the ball was bouncing right into its path.

John was speechless. He knew what was going to happen to Muffin. He closed his eyes and felt the warm tears for his friend Muffin. Poor Muffin! John heard the car screech and stop, but he could not look. Then a man's voice called out, "Hey, son, I'm sorry I hit your ball."

There was Muffin standing on the curb looking at the broken ball in the street! Muffin had stopped when the ball bounced into the street. He wasn't hurt, for he knew the rule: "Let the ball roll. Let the ball roll. It has to stop sometime, you know."

Matching Figures



Look at each figure on the left.

Find a figure like it on the right.

Things You've Wondered About

By Jack Myers

Professor of Botany and Zoology
University of Texas

Question:

I heard a man talk about weightlessness as one of the problems of space flight. I think this means that things would have no weight. But how can this be? I would think that if something didn't have any weight, there wouldn't be any of it at all.

Yes, how can there be weightlessness? It would mean that you could hold a rubber ball in your hand, feel it, squeeze it, know that it was really there, and yet it would not weigh anything. If you put it in front of your nose and let go, it would just stay there. And maybe if this were to happen to you, you wouldn't weigh anything, either. But on the surface of the earth where we live, this doesn't happen, does it? We are sure of the answer to that one from our own experience.

Weightlessness is, sure enough, one of the problems of space flight. But first we had better talk about what weight is. And since weight depends on two things, we had better talk about each of these.

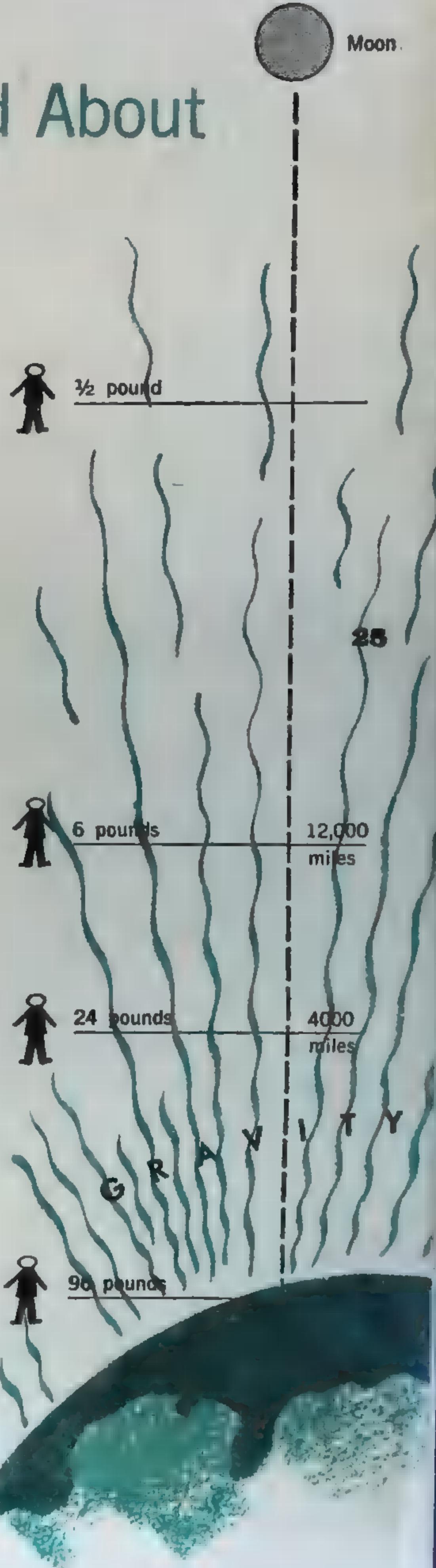
Suppose that you have in your hand a solid rubber ball. How much stuff, how much rubber, is in the ball? Its volume—how big it is—is not a very reliable measure. We could squeeze it and make it smaller without changing how much rubber is in the ball. So we invent a name for how much stuff there is in the

rubber ball, or in any object. We call it mass. The idea is that mass is a measure of how much. And for any object, like the rubber ball, its mass is always the same, no matter where it is.

Mass has an important quality. Any two objects have a pull or force which attracts them to each other. It is as if every object were at least a little bit sticky toward every other object even when they are apart. The force or pull or stickiness between them depends upon the masses of the two objects and how close they are together. This is called gravitation.

The stickiness or pull between most objects of our experience really is pretty small. If both objects are little, or even so big that they weigh hundreds of pounds each, the pull between them is very small. For example, it would be difficult to measure the very small force of attraction between two automobiles. (It is not gravitation which causes cars to bump into each other.) But if the objects are very large, or if even just one of them is very, very large, then the force between them can be so great that it is easy to measure.

Now, there is one very, very large object which you touch every day. Have you guessed it? It's the earth. Because the earth has so very much mass, there is a large force of attraction between it and even rather small objects. This force, between the earth and objects near it, we call



gravity. You knew about this all the time, didn't you? We all learned about gravity the hard way when we were very small kids—and fell down.

But I'll bet there are some things about gravity that you have not thought about. It allows us to measure the mass of anything on or near the earth's surface. If you say that you weigh 96 pounds, what you really mean is that you have an amount of mass which is always pulled toward the earth with a force of 96 pounds. You also mean that you are pulling on the earth with a force of 96 pounds!

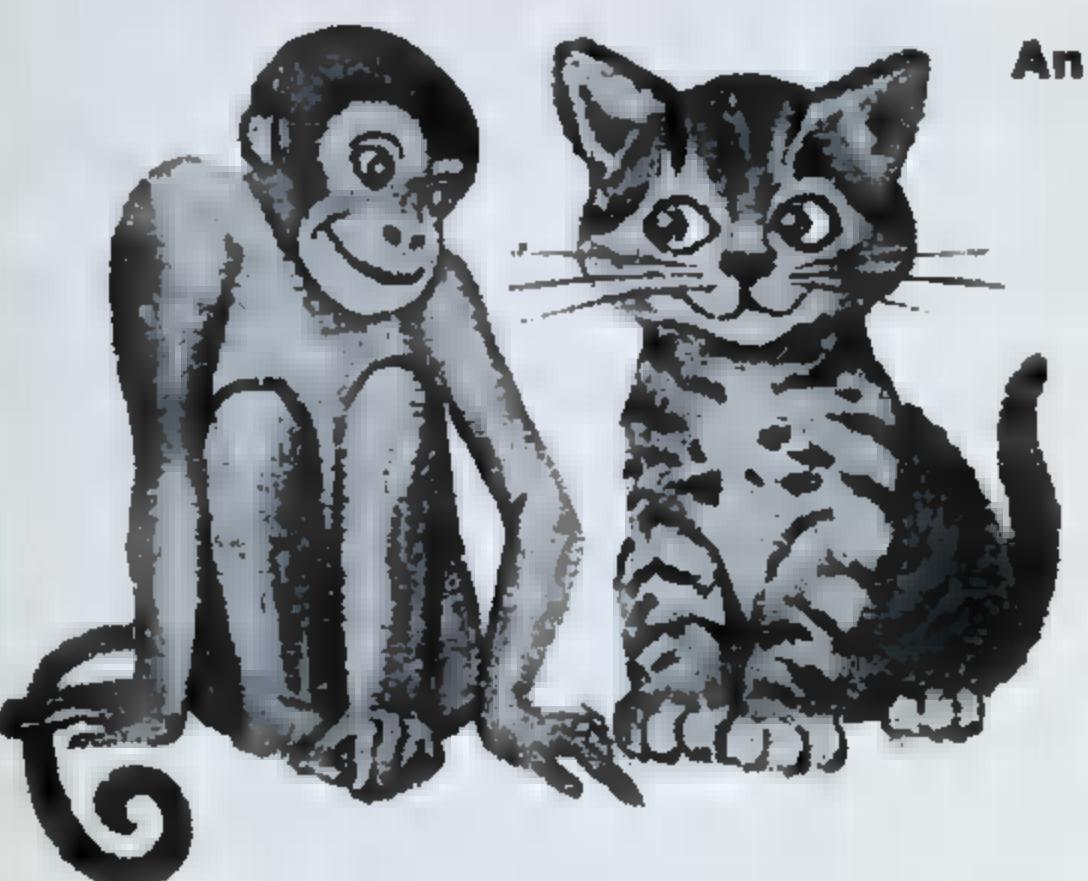
There is one more thing about gravitation we need to know. The force of attraction of any object always works as if all of its mass were right at its center. So really

the force of gravity tends to pull things toward the center of the earth. The earth is almost round, and the distance to the center almost the same everywhere. So any given mass (like your body) weighs just about the same, anywhere you go. And that's mighty convenient.

But maybe you know that the earth is not perfectly round. It's just a little bit flattened or squashed down at the north and south poles. This means that as you travel north, you weigh more—unless you climb a mountain. You are getting a little closer to the center of the earth. If you weigh 96 pounds in New Orleans and should take a very quick trip to Chicago, you would gain in weight by about an ounce and a half.

26

The Cat, the Monkey, and the Chestnuts



An Old Fable Retold By Selma Rosen

such pretty paws. They must have been made just to catch chestnuts. Do reach in and pull out some for us."

The silly cat was flattered by the monkey's words. She smiled and moved nearer the fire. As soon as she touched the first chestnut, she jumped back and cried with pain. Her burned paw should have taught her a lesson.

One evening, a cat and a monkey were sitting in front of the fire, watching some chestnuts which had been put in the hot coals to roast. When the chestnuts began to pop open, the sly monkey spoke to the cat.

"Oh, Miss Kitty, you are always so kind," he said. "I am happy to call you my friend. Your coat is beautiful and you have

Now that we know about weight, what about weightlessness? Well, your weight depends upon how far you are from the center of the earth. You are already about 4000 miles from the center of the earth. So if you were to climb a mountain or go up a mile high in an airplane, it would make very little difference. But if you went a long way out into space, it would make a difference. Suppose you weigh 96 pounds when you start on a rocket voyage out into space. At 4000 miles out, you would weigh 24 pounds. At 12,000 miles out, you would weigh 6 pounds. And by the time you were even half-way to the moon, you would weigh less than half a pound. I think you'll agree, that's getting mighty close to being weightless.

cat you are, Miss Kitty."

When there were no more chestnuts in the ashes, the cat turned about and cried, "Why, where is my share?"

To her great surprise, she found that the monkey had eaten every one.

Monsense

It was a cold and wintry night,
A man stood on the street.
His aged eyes were full of tears,
His shoes were full of feet.

Tongue Twisters

Repeat rapidly three times.
Thirty-six thick silk threads.
Sue says she shall sew a sheet.
Shave a single shingle thin.

For Smart Thinkers

Which of these could easily be turned inside out, and back again?



pail



sweater



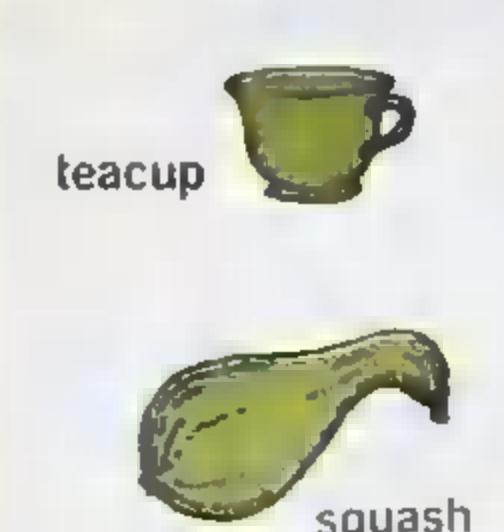
basket



beanie



gloves



teacup

squash

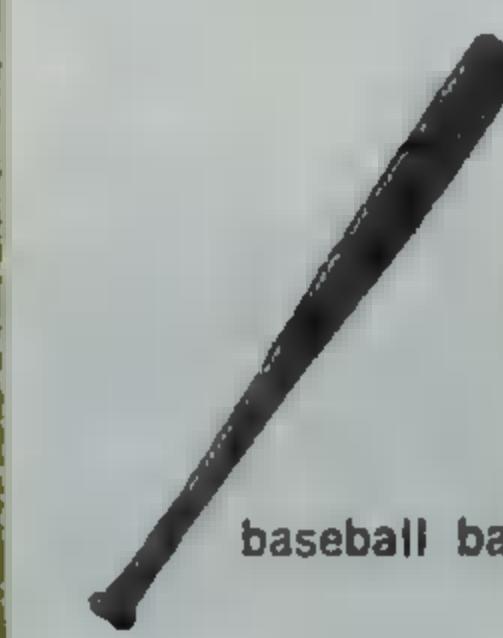
Which are having trouble? What is their trouble?



Which way of travel has been used longest? Next longest? Next? Next?



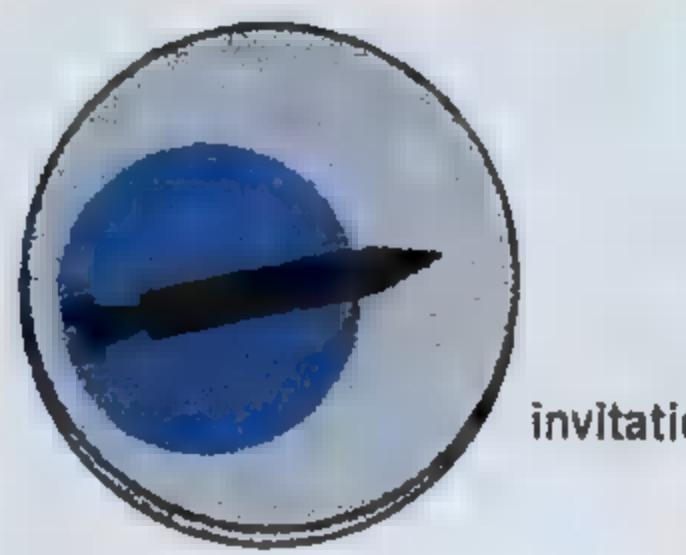
Which of these are used more in warm weather than in cold weather?



27

A Space Party

By Ruth Dougherty



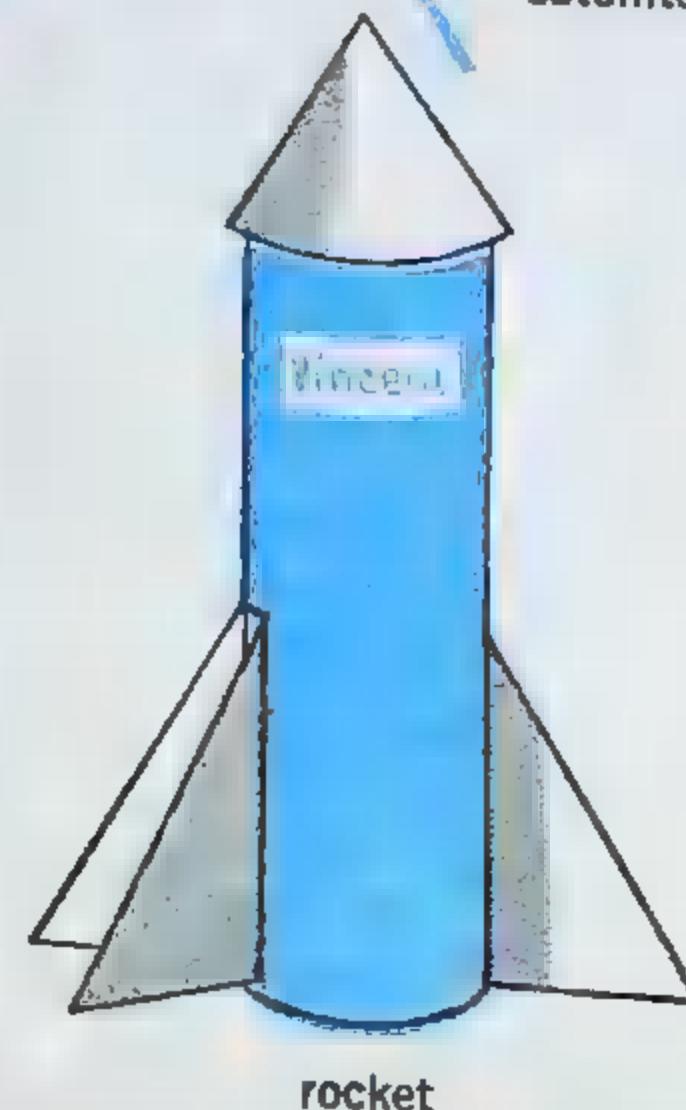
invitation



hot-drink cup



satellite



rocket

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In keeping with the times, and for lots of fun, have a Space Party to celebrate a birthday or gathering. In making the decorations, invitations, and favors, and in planning the games and prizes, use jets, satellites, rockets, spacemen, and planets.

For each invitation cut a double circle of yellow construction paper, leaving it hinged at one spot so it can be opened. On the front, paste a circle of blue crepe paper. Over this, paste a rocket cut from red crepe paper. On the inside, print the invitation.

We're going to blast off
With a birthday party.
Surely hope that you can come
And join us in the fun.
We'll go into orbit at 2:00—
Back to Earth at 4:00 we're due.
January 17 Billy Brown

Decorate the party room with planets made from colored balloons. After inflating and tying securely, use water colors to paint each with the name of a planet, such as Mars, Jupiter, and Earth. Yellow balloons, larger than the others, could be labeled Sun.

Cut several jets from colored paper or cardboard and suspend them by heavy thread. Add a Vanguard satellite or two. These can easily be made by putting two aluminum foil pie pans together as shown. Punch three sets of holes through the plates opposite each other, and insert three colored pipe cleaners as

shown. Fasten the pan rims together in four places with needle and thread, leaving the pans partly opened to get the cleaners through the holes. Then tie the threads firmly to hold the pans together.

For each guest make a rocket which will serve as a place marker, candy holder, and take-home favor. Make it from cardboard tubing $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Cut a 2-inch circle from white paper. Paste it to form a bottom, bringing the edge up over the outside of the cylinder. Cover the rest of the cylinder with colored crepe paper.

From a contrasting color, cut two triangles for fins, a circle for the cone, and a piece for the name plate. Snip the top point from each fin, and make two creases on either side of the middle. Paste the flat middle surface to the cylinder.

For the cone, slit the circle from edge to center. Overlap the slit to fit the top of the rocket and form a point for the cone. Before pasting, insert a scrap of paper the color of the cylinder to make a hinge, so the cone will open and close. Fill it with candy. Paste on the name plate.

For a centerpiece, make a replica of this rocket from a large cylinder.

As the first game, stage a space-helmet-making contest. Have a head-fitting brown paper

bag for each guest, plus a supply of colored cupcake papers, aluminum foil, milk bottle covers to make earphones, pipe cleaners for antennae (to coil them, wind around a pencil), gummed crepe paper and crayons to add color and decorations, some blunt-tipped scissors, and metal paper fasteners to hold earphones and antennae in place.

Here are some familiar favorites to play, with a Space twist.

Pin the Rocket on the Moon

Before the party, make a huge yellow moon. In the center, mark a star. Cut simple silhouettes of rockets from construction paper, writing each guest's name on one and inserting a straight pin. Blindfold each player in turn, turn him around once or twice, chanting, "Round and round the rocket goes. Where it will land only the spaceman knows." The player pinning his rocket nearest the star wins the game. The one farthest away gets a booby prize.

Who Has the Secret Weapon?

The weapon may be any small object such as a button or marble. Two players start the game. One goes around the circle of children, pretending he is putting the

weapon in the clutched hands of each child. Actually he leaves it with one child. The second player, who is It, gets two guesses as to who has the secret weapon. If he guesses correctly he has another chance to be It. If not, the next player has a turn. Either way, the player hiding the weapon changes with each round of the game, enabling all to have a turn.

Packing For a Trip Into Space

The children sit down in a circle. One starts by saying, "I'm going to take a trip into Space. I will need to take along my toothbrush" (or whatever he wishes to take along). The next player repeats all this, adding an item he wishes to pack. This goes on round and round the circle, each player repeating the list and adding an item of his own choosing. Anyone who forgets an item is out. The last one to remember the entire list is the winner.

Planet Upset

Arrange chairs in a wide circle, one less than there are players. Assign each player the name of a planet. If the group is large, use the names twice. One

player, called the Spaceman, starts the game by calling out, for example, "Earth and Mars change places!" While they are doing so, the Spaceman tries to grab a seat. The player left with no seat becomes the next Spaceman. If he doesn't succeed in getting himself a seat after two turns, he chooses someone to take his place. For variation, the Spaceman can call out, "Planet upset!" At this, everyone must change places.

Refreshments

Make "men from outer space" by filling and decorating hot-drink paper cups. These have handles which, when folded flat, form the ears and basis for a variety of faces. Use gumdrops for eyes and raisins for noses. Crayon other features. Before decorating, fill each cup one-third full with cake mix. Bake at 360 degrees for about 25 minutes. Just before serving, add a scoop of ice cream and top with chocolate sprinkle or colored spangles. Stick a colored plastic spoon in the center.

Serve a beverage in matching cold-drink cups, plus additional cookies.



Our Own Pages



Snow Scene

Michelle Sholtz, Age 9
1213 Dilston St.
Philadelphia, Pa.



Comin' Down the Tracks

Terry Kane, Age 11
1089 S. Grandview
Dubuque, Iowa



Porpoises

Karen Jordan, Age 8
Box 397
Petersburg, Alaska



John T. Lyons, Age 11
207 Platz Dr.
San Antonio, Texas



Karen Strand, Age 4
Berlin Hilton
Berlin W. 30
Germany

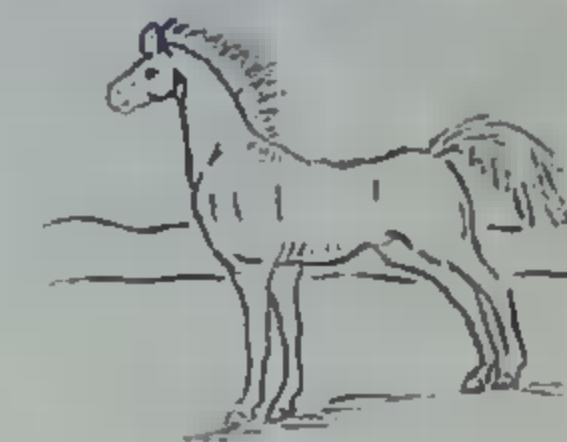


Betsy Hitchcock, Age 9
566 Frontenac Pl.
St. Paul, Minn.



The Whalers

Peter Clay, Age 9
Marcellus, N. Y.



Buck

Sandy Grant, Age 12
1418 W. Kettering
Lancaster, Calif.



Hawaiian Pilot Freighter

Raymond Fudge, Age 9
88 Kenyon St.
Springfield, Mass.

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Myself

Some people say I look like Dad, and some say I look like Mom. Some say I look like Grandma or Grandpa. Some say I look like Uncle George or Aunt Peg. Some say I look like my cousins. Some say I look like my sister. Some say I even look like my girl friend. But as for me, I think I look like myself.

Frances Broderick, Age 11
252 Summit Ave.
Albany, N. Y.

What a Sight

What a beautiful night
When the sky is all blue,
When you look at the stars,
They seem to look back at you.

Kelley Lynn Hallock, Age 10
225 Highland Park
Worthington, Ohio

Texas

I love the state of Texas,
So wonderful and great,
Even if it is next
To the largest state.

Melba Burdorn, Age 12
R.2, Box 67
Lubbock, Texas

A Winter Prayer

Thank you, God, for the snow
That makes our sled go.
Thank you, God, for the ice
That makes skating nice.

Owen Fuller, Age 8
504 W. Wins.
Normal, Ill.

When the world was very new,
There were dinosaurs instead of
you.

Mike Landon, Age 6
14631 Marion
Oak Park, Ill.

The Storm

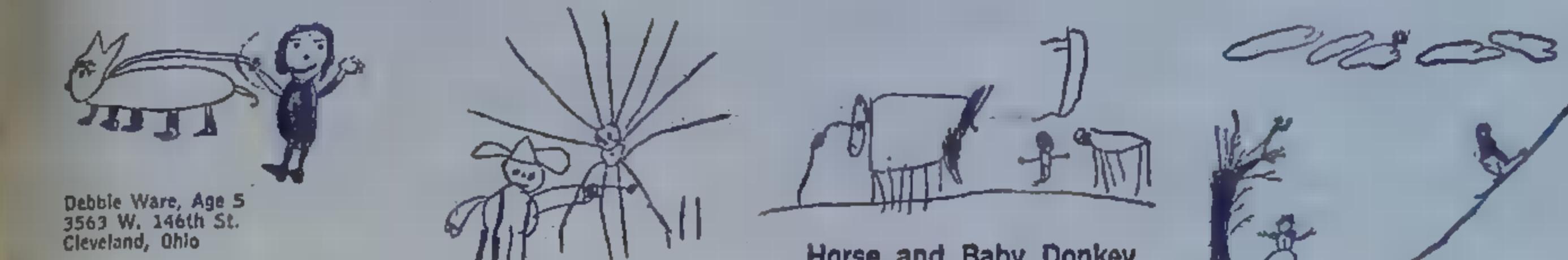
When the wind is roaring
And the waves are rough,
When the curtains are blowing
And the mountains act tough.
You can always tell a storm is
rising
Up from the deep,
Where they are hiding
As if asleep.

Jane Maas, Age 11
F. R. Pierson School
Tarrytown, N. Y.

Bedtime

After a long busy day
I'm glad to snuggle up in my bed.
And sometimes I like to lie
And think of things I did and
said.

Perry Thompson, Age 9
Artas, S. D.



Debbie Ware, Age 5
3563 W. 146th St.
Cleveland, Ohio



Cowboy and Monster

Henry J. Bergman, Age 6
1540 Jesup Ave.
Bronx, N. Y.



Horse and Baby Donkey

Christopher Stucki, Age 2 1/2
1526 Gulf Rd.
Kalamazoo, Mich.



Roger Burton, Age 11
Corto St.
Bakersfield, Calif.



Me

Skip Fetingas, Age 3
1020 E. 16th Ave.
Columbus, Ohio



Brooken Kay Kisse, Age 4
New Town, N.D.



A Frog Jumping

Janet Fauss, Age 3
1936 Graham Rd.
Stow, Ohio

Stephen Herrington, Age 7
McClure Elementary School
Tulsa, Okla.



Paula Adams, Age 6
133 Newberry
Oak Ridge, Tenn.



Kathy Triplett, Age 10
Box 744
Orangeburg, S. C.

Frost Ferns

There are frost ferns on my
windows,
Glittering in the winter's sun.
There are frost ferns on my
windows,
Silver feathers, every one.

There are frost ferns on my
windows.
Oh, I wish I could have one.
But the frost ferns on my
windows
Melt away at the touch of sun.

Ellen Jane Bressler, Age 10
1517 E. Washington Lane
Philadelphia, Pa.

Reddy's Bone

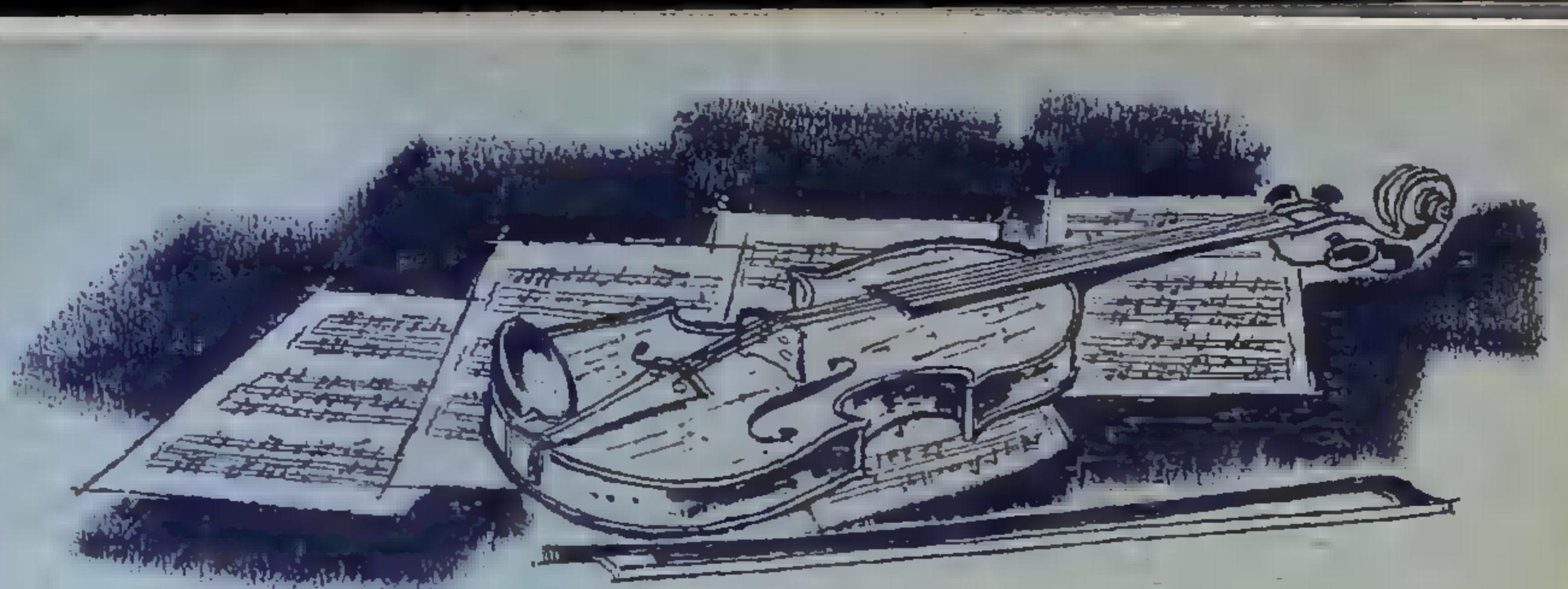
Once there was a dog named Old Reddy. He loved to hunt good big bones. One day he started out to find a big bone. He trotted down the corn row with his tongue hanging out, he was so hungry. Finally he found a big bone. He thought and thought where he would take it so the other dogs would not help him eat it. Finally he decided that he would bury it. He dug a hole. He buried the big bone and it was just right to fit into the hole. The

next day a flood came and made the dirt muddy and the big bone floated across the ground. While all this was happening, Reddy was in his doghouse dreaming that the other dogs were ready to eat the big bone, but Reddy had his mouth open ready to bite them. Reddy thought it was really true. While Reddy had his mouth open the big bone floated into his mouth. Reddy woke up and ate the bone.

Phyllis Becker, Age 10
5737 N. Richmond
Chicago, Ill.

Kenneth Kuhns, Jr., Age 9
R.2
Glenwood Springs, Colo.

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Theme From Violin Concerto

Ludwig van Beethoven

Arranged by Irene Harrington Young

Dolce

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Yehudi Plays Beethoven's Violin Concerto

By Irene Bennett Needham
Illustrated by Edwin Lundquist

In 1918, when Yehudi Menuhin was just two years old, his music-loving parents took him to hear the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Moshe and Marutha Menuhin were too poor to afford a baby sitter so they hoped he would sleep through the concert. They sat near the stage so they could see the players. At the first sounds from the orchestra, the baby woke up and listened intently without making a sound, although his plump body swayed to the rhythm.

That decided it. Since the little boy could be quiet, he was taken to every symphony concert. He sensed his parents' intense interest as he sat quietly on his mother's lap. He listened just as intently.

The first violinist, Mr. Persinger, fascinated him. Just before he was four years old, Yehudi talked out loud once during the music. He pointed his fat finger at Mr. Persinger and said, "I want that man to teach me the violin."

Yehudi's parents bought him a toy violin for his fourth birthday. When he tried to play it and heard the frightful screeching, he threw it on the floor and tramped on it, crying, "It won't sing! It won't sing!"

His parents thought this quite a good joke but his grandmother in Palestine thought differently when she read their letters. She sent twenty-five dollars for the purchase of a real violin.

When Yehudi was five years old, lessons began with a teacher in the neighborhood. His mother

organized a rigid practice schedule. This was never broken.

When Yehudi was almost six, on February 11, 1922, he played Paderewski's "Minuet" at a public performance in San Francisco. A little later Mr. Persinger was persuaded to listen to Yehudi and, with him as a teacher, the boy's progress was astonishing. Before long he was given a Bach concerto for violin and orchestra. When that was perfect, other concertos followed, concertos which grownups work very hard to play.

Yehudi had heard Beethoven's one violin concerto during those

symphony concerts. After each lesson he would ask his teacher, "After this 'the Beethoven'?" "No," answered Persinger. He couldn't see letting a little boy play the notes when he was too young to understand the meaning of the music.

One day Persinger said, "We are now going to take up Mozart's 'A Major,' and when you have learned to play it really well, we shall pass on to 'the Beethoven.'"

Yehudi shut himself in his room for hours, practicing. But he wasn't thinking of Mozart or his music. He just wanted to



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finish it so that he could study "the Beethoven."

For the first time Mr. Persinger was not pleased with the lesson. He told Yehudi to go home and practice until the rhythm was perfect. When Yehudi went back to Persinger the next week, the Mozart was perfect. Later he studied "the Beethoven," but still he was not allowed to play it in public.

At one of the symphony concerts, the plump blond boy had heard the Rumanian violinist Enesco. He could think of nothing else but study with Enesco. When Yehudi was eleven, his family took him to Rumania for the summer, and his study with this revered teacher began. Enesco was impressed with his pupil who played as if he understood all the great music that children aren't supposed to be able to appreciate. When the summer was over, Enesco felt

that Yehudi was ready to play "the Beethoven."

Back in New York, the Menuhins went to see Mr. Busch, the conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Yehudi asked if he might play "the Beethoven." "No, no, no!" roared Busch. But finally he agreed to let Yehudi play it for him. The boy played so perfectly that Mr. Busch was completely won over. He threw his huge arms around Yehudi and said, "You can play anything with me, any time, anywhere."

When the concert day came—November 25, 1927—the hall was crowded. The small boy whose hands weren't strong enough to tune his own violin stood in his white blouse and knee pants beside the tall Mr. Busch, listening intently to the orchestra, waiting for his cue to begin. He made no move and people were afraid he'd forgotten his part. Just seconds

before he was to play, he lifted his bow, placed his violin under his chin, and began. When it was over, the audience went wild. After repeated curtain calls, they climbed onto the stage, and Yehudi had to be taken backstage to keep from being crushed by his admirers.

Olin Downes, the great music critic of the "New York Times" said, "I went to the hall convinced that a child could play the violin no more effectively than a trained seal, and I left with the conviction that there is no such thing as an infant prodigy, but there is such a thing as a great artist who begins at an early age."

Columns of praise from the critics had musical New York buzzing. Yehudi, as usual, was not allowed to read what was said about his playing. But he was satisfied. He had finally played "the Beethoven"!

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Jokes

Selected by Children
Seven to Twelve
Years of Age

What do you do when you're hungry in bed?
Take a roll.

Lisa Dubinski—Pennsylvania

Joe: "This match won't light."
Flo: "What's the matter with it?"

Georgette Bradley—West Virginia

Joe: "I don't know. It worked all right a minute ago."

Elaine Caldwell—Indiana

What did one big toe say to the other?

"Don't look now, but there are a couple of heels following us."

Vicki Hubbert—Oklahoma

Mother: "Sis, did you eat all the cookies in the cooky jar?"
Daughter: "No, I didn't touch one."

If you hit a bird with a lawn mower what kind of cereal would you have?

Shredded tweet.

Christine Davis—Ohio

Mother: "There's only one left."
Daughter: "That's the one I didn't touch."

Charles: "What hand do you stir with?"

Uncle Tom: "My right hand."
Charles: "Why don't you try using your spoon sometime?"

Ann Blair—Maryland

What did the mayonnaise say to the icebox?

"Close the door. I'm dressing."

Linda Graffrat—New York

Patient: "Doctor, thank you so much. My pain is gone. What was my trouble, rheumatism?"

Doctor: "No. Your suspenders were twisted."

Linda Schroeder—Iowa

Send in the funniest joke you ever heard, with your name, age, and home address. If we think it good enough, we might print it in Highlights.

Highlights for Children
Honesdale, Pa.

★ Children surely know what's funny.

Goofus and Gallant

By Garry Cleveland Myers

Pictures by Marion Hull Hammel



Goofus is rude to the cleaning woman.



Gallant is courteous to the cleaning woman.



Goofus shouts from outside to call his playmates.



Gallant rings the doorbell when he wants to speak to his playmates.



Goofus often plays with the gadgets in the parked car.



Gallant never enters a parked car alone, or plays with its gadgets.

★ Easy lessons in good manners and safety.

Fun With Phonics

Spelled Same, Different Pronunciation, Different Meaning

An august affair on an August day.

Watch your conduct when you conduct a tour.

When you contrast those two persons, there's a marked contrast.

Persons he converts are called converts.

Your escort will escort you to the meeting.

What the farmer produces is called produce.

I object to the object of this meeting.

sw

Say aloud these pictured words. Listen for the sound of sw.

Now say aloud the following words. Listen for the sw sound.

sweep swat
swarm swift
swivel swell
swear switch
swindle swim



swan



sweet potato



swine



swing



sweeper

Making Words Rhyme

Say aloud the words in the first column. Change one letter in one word so that all the words in the column will rhyme.

Do the same for the other columns.

big	fun	cork	hole	mile	tail
die	run	book	mold	till	bale
pig	sum	look	pole	pile	male
fig	gun	hook	roll	file	pile

★ Putting sense into sounds, and fun into learning phonics.

Words Beginning With the Same Letters and Sounds

At the left, look at the word dog. Say it aloud.

Find at the right the words which begin with the same letter and sound. Say them aloud.

Do the same for the words fish and hat at the left.



Why are chickens hauled to market in this and not in this ?

Why does a bushel basket have two handles like this and not one like this ?

Why do a small child's clothes have big buttons like this and not

small buttons like this ?

Why is a bottle shaped like this and not like this ?

Why do we serve grapefruit like this and not like this ?

Why are the parts of a sidewalk shaped like this and not like this ?

Proverbs From "Poor Richard's Almanack"

Visits should be short like a winter's day.

Great talkers, little doers.

To lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals.

Better slip with foot than tongue.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

God helps them that help themselves.

Answer, Crossword Puzzle page 31

Across: knock, knife, Kansas, knuckle, keg, keel, kayak, keyboard, kit, kite, kid, kitten, knit, knickers.

Down: knob, knave, kangaroo, keystone, key, knead, katydid, knocker, kilt, knot, Kentucky, knight.

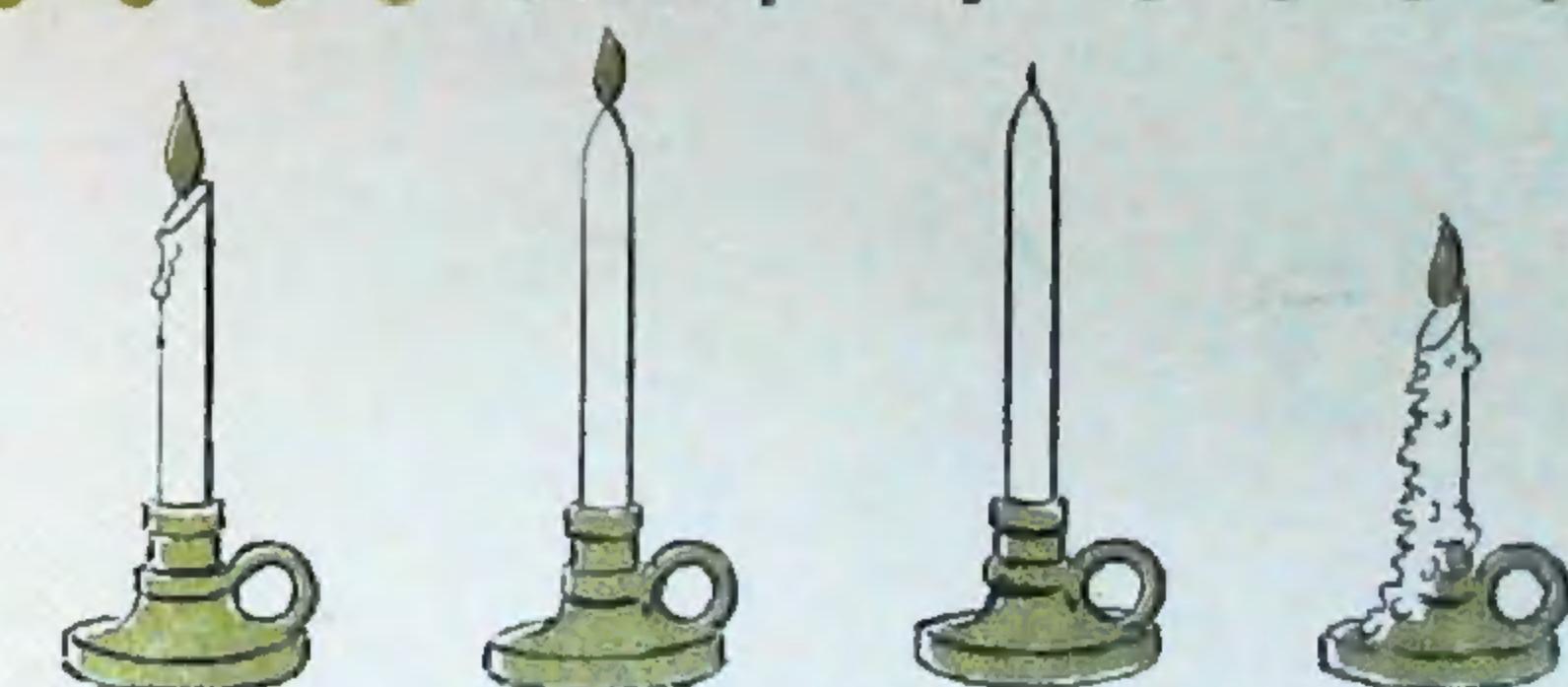
Franklin and the Oysters

these things out of Benny, he will be poisoned, sure!"

When the boy was allowed to get his breath, he explained that he had merely eaten some oysters, and the angry father whipped him for frightening the family.

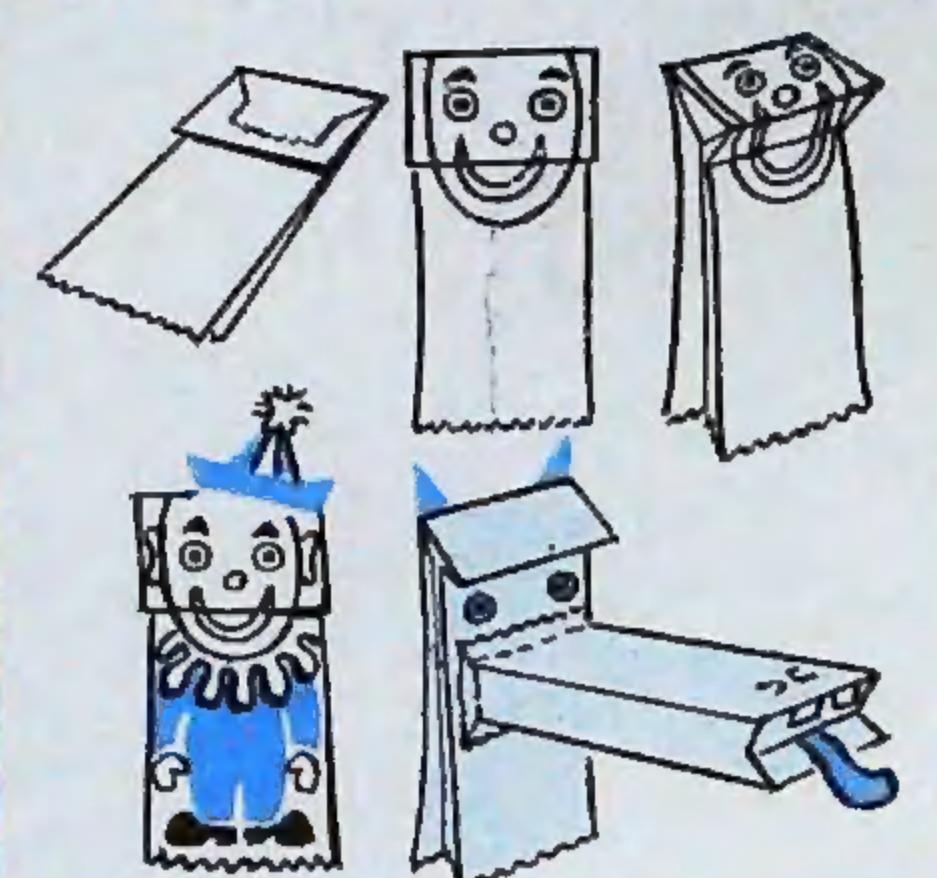
Then and there, Benjamin Franklin decided never again to use a long word when a shorter one would do.

Mixed-up Story



Which happened first? Next? Next? Next?

Things To Do



Paper Bag Puppets By Shirley Magder

Use a paper bag with a rectangular bottom. Flatten the bag and draw a face as shown. Be sure to begin the mouth on the bag bottom and complete it on the side of the bag as in the illustration.

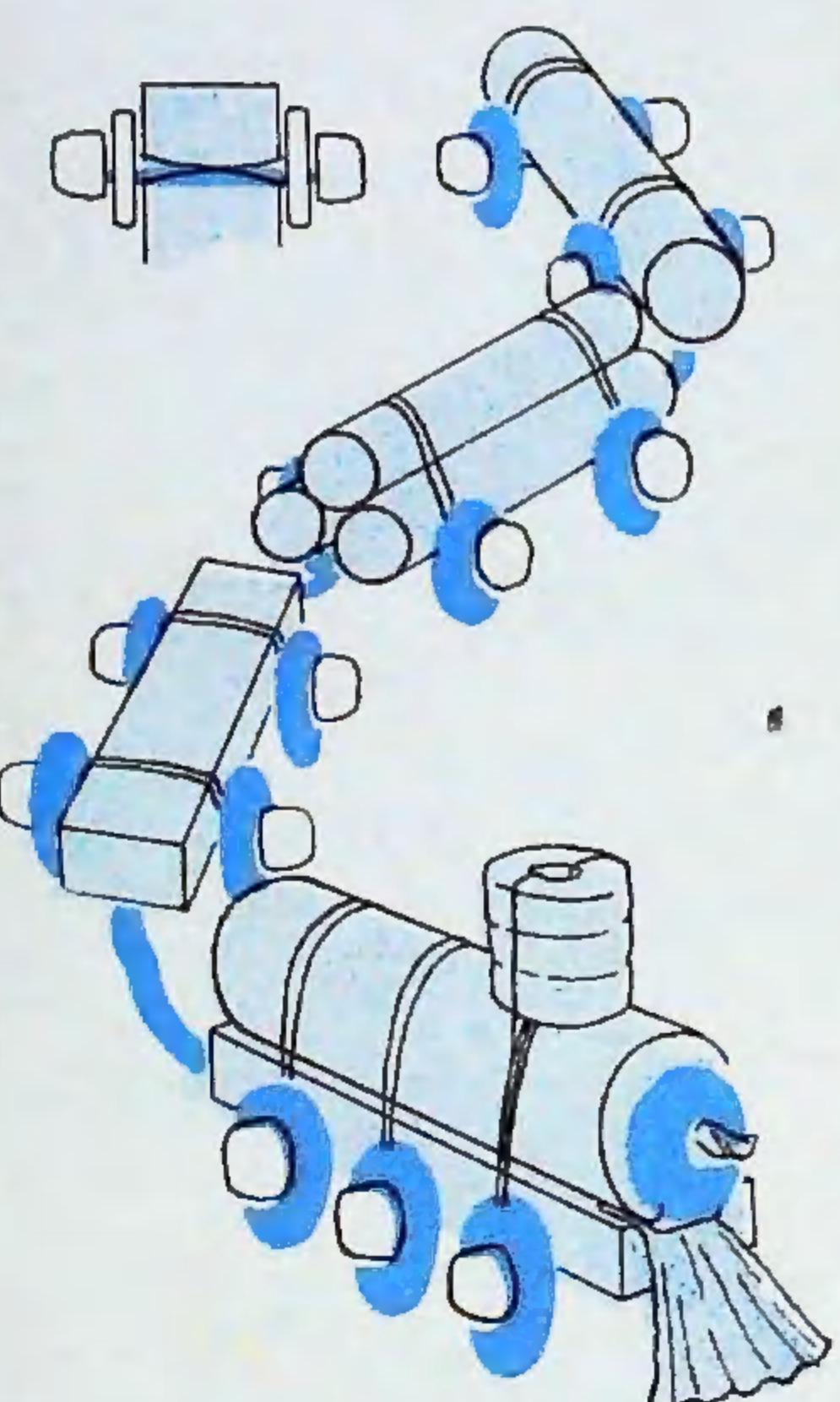
Open the bag and fill in the missing lines inside.

Complete the puppet clown, using colored paper or fancy paper trim.

To make the puppet talk, insert hand in bag bottom and move fingers up and down back of the mouth.

Make other puppet people for a play about a story, such as "The Three Little Pigs." A wolf can easily be made with two paper bags, as illustrated.

Invite a few friends over to make paper bag puppets. Have a play the same day.



Candy Freight Train By M. Mable Lunz

For wheel axles use pieces of toothpicks or sucker sticks about $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches long. Stick a miniature marshmallow on one end of each axle, then two round candies with a hole in the center, then another marshmallow on the other end. Make two sets of wheels for each car, and three sets for the engine. The wheels should be loose so the train rolls easily.

For the flatcar, wrap a package of gum in aluminum foil. Put a rubber band around one end, and twist it. Put the axle between the rubber band and gum. Then put the other end of the rubber band up over the package to hold the wheels in place. Put a set of wheels on the other end of the gum.

Make the tanker the same way, using a candy roll.

For the log car, use three aluminum-wrapped candy rolls or candy sticks.

For the engine use an aluminum-wrapped package of gum for the base, one candy roll for the body, and three round candies wrapped together for the smokestack.

For the cowcatcher, pleat a 3-by-6-inch piece of aluminum foil in folds like a fan. Then fold it in half. Put it between the gum and candy roll. Spread out the bottom part for the cowcatcher. Roll up the top part and stick it through a candy for a headlight. Fold in the excess aluminum.

Poke a hole through the center of the smokestack. Run a rubber band through the hole, pull it over the sides, and put both ends around the gum and candy roll. Attach three sets of wheels.

Tie the cars together with string to pull the train, or run a piece of ribbon under the wheels and body of each car, the length of the whole train, to pull the candy freight.

Snow Men Calendar By Ella L. Langenberg

Hold a piece of wire screen over a piece of black construction paper. Dip an old toothbrush in white tempera paint and rub it over the wire. Do not overload the brush or the paint won't spatter. Work on newspaper to protect the table.

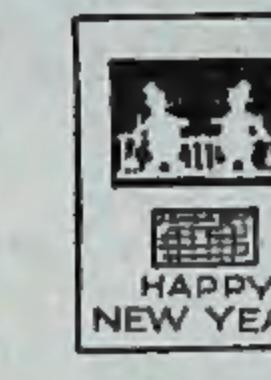
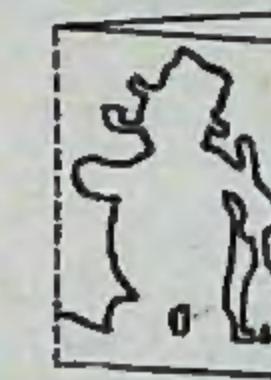
Cut a fence from white paper. Paste it on the black paper. Then paste the snow men in front of it, as illustrated.

Cut a larger piece of white paper the same size as the black paper. Fold it in half. Draw and cut out a snow man, cutting along the solid lines as shown. Notice that the snowbank reaches the folded

side of the paper. Open the fold and there are two snow men connected by the snowbank strip at the bottom.

Cut a fence from white paper. Paste it on the black paper. Then paste the snow men in front of it, as illustrated.

Cut a larger piece of colored construction paper. Paste the cutout picture at the top, and a small calendar pad below it. Write a New Year's greeting if desired. Add a cord hanger.



HAPPY NEW YEAR

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Toothpick Drawings By Jacqueline Selzer

It's fun to make original toothpick drawings. Use milk bottle caps for the heads of the figures, one whole toothpick for the body, one for each arm, and one for each leg. If the arms and legs bend, break the toothpicks in half. Use one-fourth of a toothpick for hands and feet.

Place the head and toothpick body on a sheet of paper in the position desired. Glue all the pieces in place. Use paint, cray-

ons, or ink to make the face, hair, and any extra lines to complete the drawings—such as fingers, toes, hats, flowers, cane, ball, purse, shoes, and the like.

Some figures in action are shown here. Look at them, then try making some original figures. The drawings can be varied by using colored toothpicks, or by coloring plain toothpicks with crayons or paints.



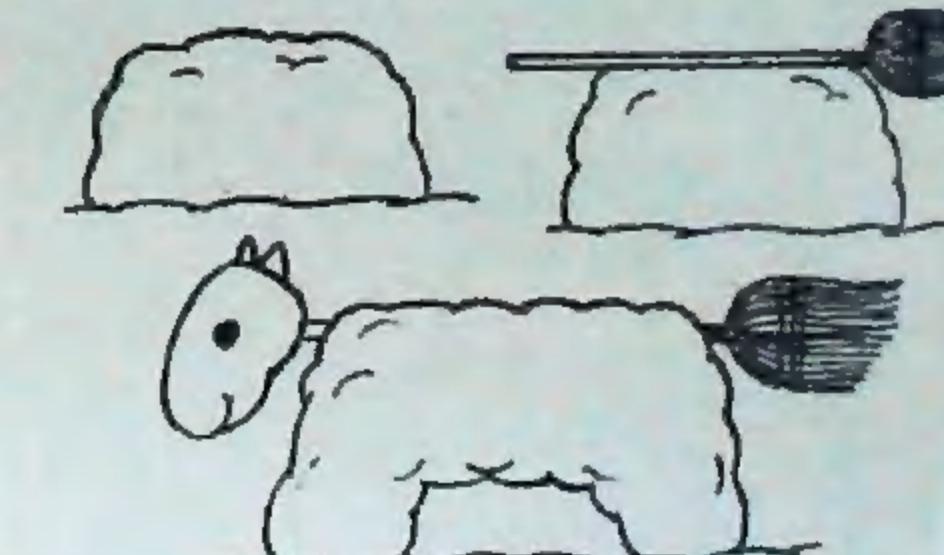
Make a Snow Horse By Mary Ellen Hansen

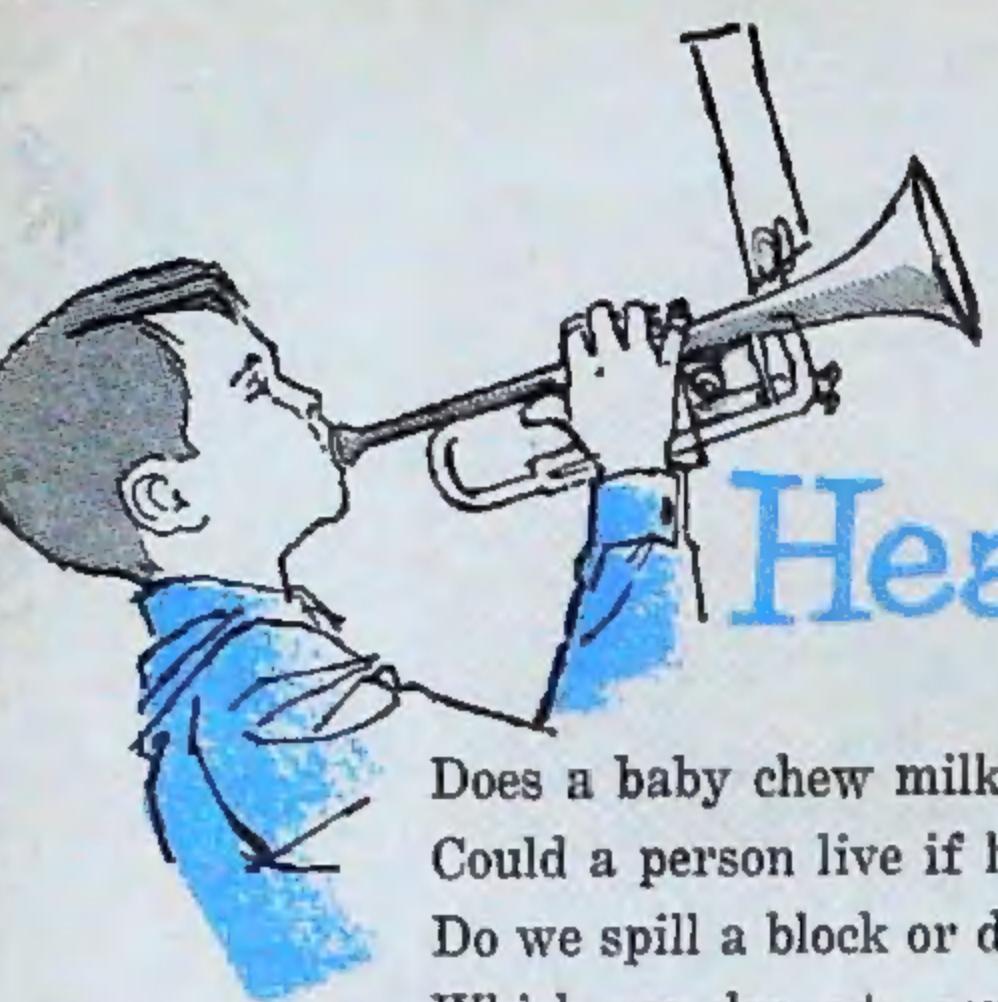
Make a pile of snow as illustrated. Lay an old broom along the top of it, and pack snow over the handle.

Push a long snowball over the end of the handle to make the

horse's head. Pack snow around it to hold it in place. Add stones or coal for eyes.

Hollow out some of the snow under the horse to show his legs and body.





Headwork

Does a baby chew milk?

Could a person live if he had no head?

Do we spill a block or drop a block?

Which are closer to your mouth, your hands or your feet?

Which takes longer to peel, an orange or a banana?

Why don't you like to touch very hot things?

Why can't you peel an egg the way you peel an apple?

Could you get along better with three legs than with two?

What is the difference between a zoo and a circus?

Could a kitten run under a cow without being stepped on?

When will today become yesterday?

Is a big cat as big as a small cow?

How is it that some persons can skate in summer and swim in winter?

"Oh, I stepped into a puddle of water," said the blind man. How did he know he had?

Are all white eggs laid by white hens?

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Parents! Important Notice

We have full-time or part-time work for mothers and others in many areas as HIGHLIGHTS sales representatives. This is an opportunity for pleasant, profitable, useful work—your chance to perform a real service to your community and at the same time add substantially to your income. If you have a car and full-time or regular part-time hours available, write to Richard H. Bell, Director of Sales, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, Inc., 37 East Long Street, Columbus, Ohio.

★ "Headwork" is a quiz program nobody will rig.

If you had spilled a quart of water on a floor covered with linoleum, how could you put some of this spilled water into a pail? Could you put as much of the spilled water into the pail if it had been spilled on a rug? Why?

If you couldn't see, how could you tell the difference between oil and water?

After Bernice had baked the first two pancakes for the family's breakfast, her mother said, "You need a little more salt in the batter." How did the mother know?

Suppose one car is running 30 miles an hour and another 50 miles an hour, and they bump into each other head on. Would the crash be greater or less if the faster car had bumped into the slower one from the rear?

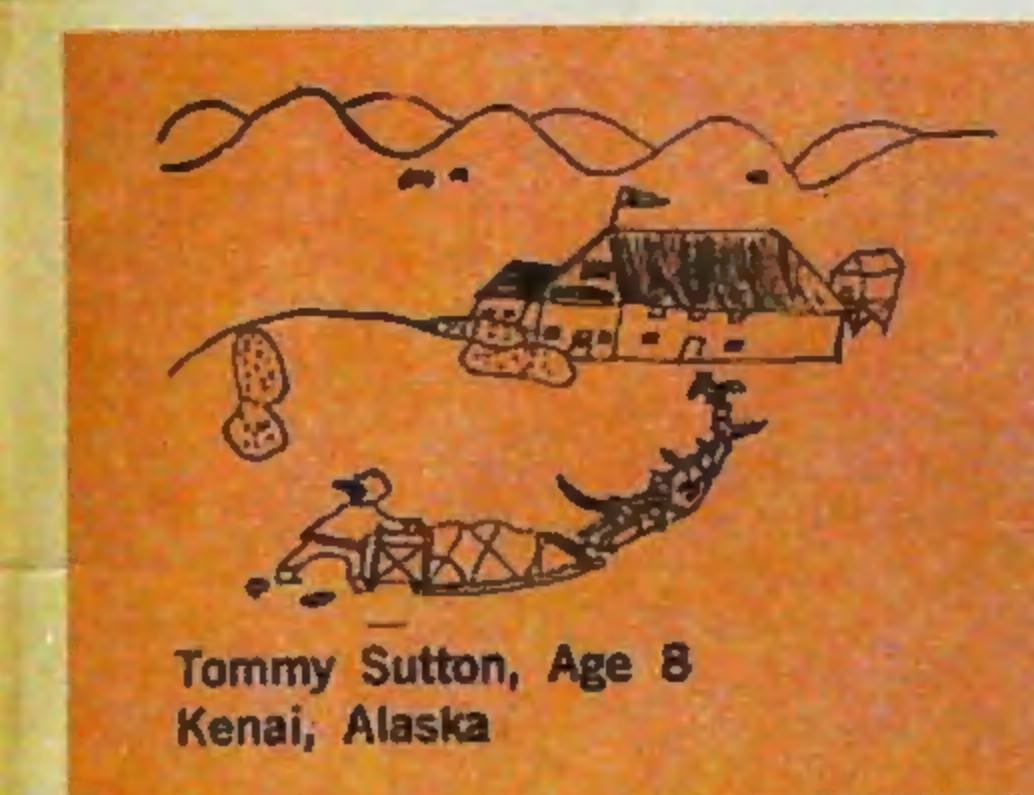
Why are the cables which support a very long bridge each made up of hundreds of small wires instead of being just one single piece of steel? Ask Dad.

"There must be bad news in that telegram," thought the messenger as he left the house. What made him think so?

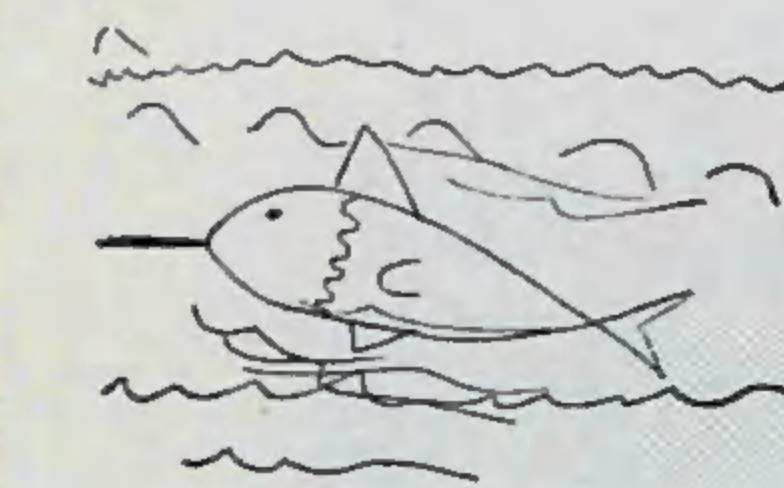
When water freezes to ice, does the ice start forming at the bottom of the water or at the top?

After a hurricane, a number of trees had been blown over in a plot of woods, while others stood firm. What might have been observed about the height of the blown-over trees and the nature of their roots?

Drawings From Alaska



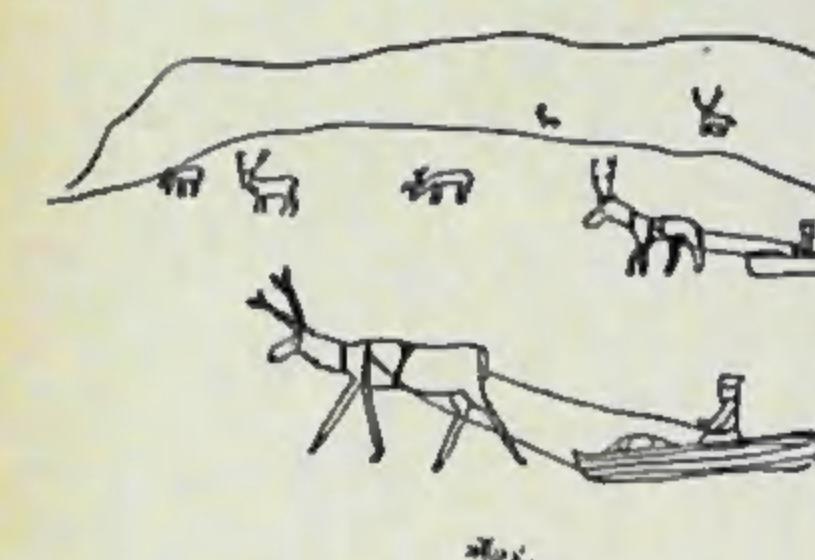
Tommy Sutton, Age 8
Kenai, Alaska



Gary Swan, Age 6
Moose Pass, Alaska

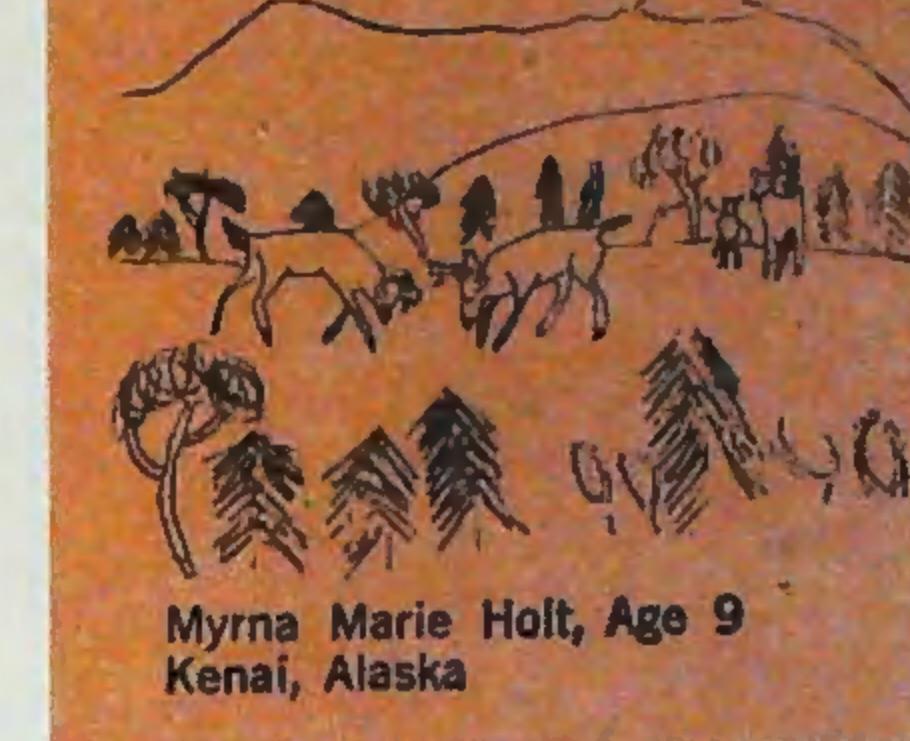


Miner's Cabin
Lorry Lancashire, Age 12
Kenai, Alaska



Linda Susan Bergman, Age 9
Kenai, Alaska

Reindeer are the cows and horses of Alaska.



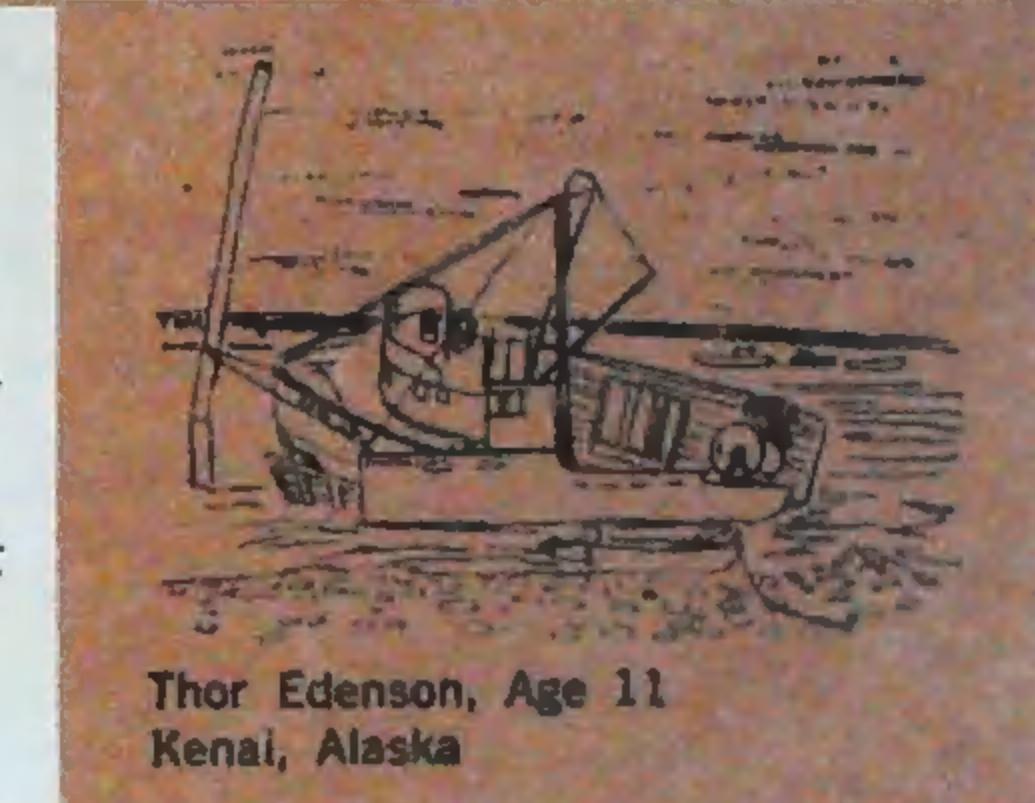
Myrna Marie Holt, Age 9
Kenai, Alaska



Marie Eleanor O'Leary, Age 10
Moose Pass, Alaska



Michael McLane, Age 9
Kenai, Alaska



Thor Edenson, Age 11
Kenai, Alaska



★ Wonderful to have the children of Alaska tell us in pictures about life in this new state.

Good-bye!

until next month

